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A Book

P. Benson, Charles C. Miller Memorial Apicultural Library

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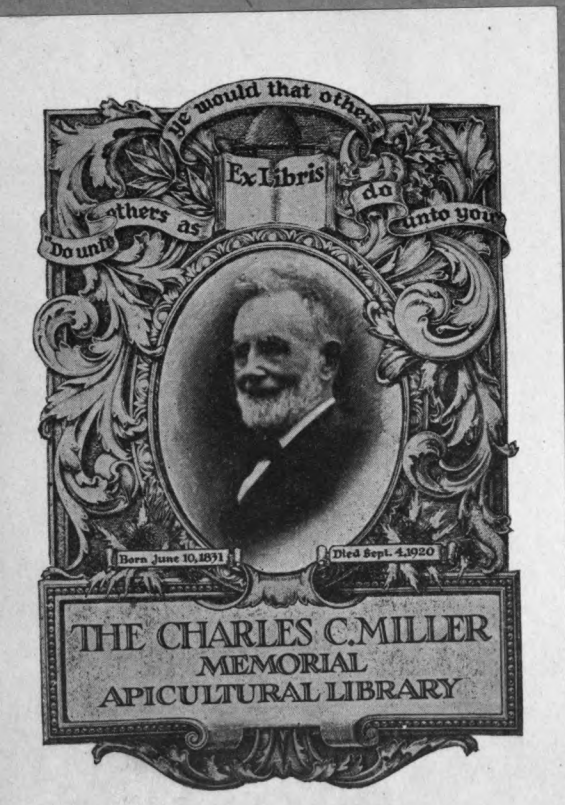

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A BOOK.

NOT ACC

By P. BENSON, Sr.,

WHITCH THE SR. IT STANS FOR SINGGER.

BEIN SELEXIONS FRUM "SONG MESSENGER."

VOLLUM 1.

CHICAGO:
GEO. F. ROOT & SONS,
109 STATE STREET.
1874.

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PREFACE.

THE following effusions of the humorist, "P. Benson, Sr., whitch the Sr. it stans for singger," first appeared in the "Song Messenger," a musical monthly published by Root & Sons, and are here collated for the delectation of all who wish to "laugh and grow fat."

THE PUBLISHERS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1869, by the WESTERN NEWS COMPANY, in the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

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A BOOK.

A Essa onto Mewsick.

Mewsick is a awfull nice thing. It was invented by a injun which got lost from his tryeb, and wanted sumthing to amoose hisself with.

Mewsick is 4 kinds: instrewmentle, singin, brass bands, and fiddlin. Fiddlin is dun with a vyolin. Whistlin isent nether of the 4 kinds. It isent mewsick, its oanly whistlin. Them that whissels isent mewsishens.

Playin the phiphe is instrewmentle mewsick. The pieanno is highly instrewmentle. Fiddlin is mutch sot after by the illitereight.

Singin is dun by girls, birds, and peeple. Peeple whitch sings is called singers. A quire of them gets twogether and sings to meetin. When a quire of them gits twogether, they always quorl and fite. If a ream of them was to git twogether thaid kill theirselves.

Everybuddy ot to cultyveight mewsick.

P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

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Mi Histerry.

MISTER EDDITER—their is a great menny peepel in the wurld, more to the acre this year than ever befoar. They wood oll like to see sitch a man as me. Travellin costs hi and so they cant oll grattify their appetights to cum and see me, in konsekwence of which I therefore, hence on that account send you my profile to print, so that all can see and admire a man which hez done so much for his kentry and the

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other sciences. Be careful to print it right end up as I am subjeck to a rush of blud to the hed. A few remarx on my life wood no dout be entertaneing.

I was born at a very early period of my life and am proper fond of tirkey and chicken. In my native kentry in which I was born if I found a tree which was hard to climb I always clumb it. This was the foundation of my futur grateness. You will find me of a affexyoneight disposishen when I aint mad. My parents brot up a large fammaly mostly boys and gurls. I am of a very moddest temperrament as you will see by notissen the slite tindge of red on my face in the pictyour. I doant smoak. I wunst knoad a man which was a inveter8 smoker and he died. I always wear my boots rites and lefts of enny sighs which fits best. In my childhood when i was small I woar shoes and stockings but now I always wear boots and hev them rites and lefts so as to give free scoap to my vois when I sing.

Sitch is a ackount of my elustrious carear leastways of the prinsypal points of it.

A breaf ackount of my deth wood be hiely grattifying to my frens but I cannot give it at present.

Mewsick is at a lo eb in moast places whair I havent tot but I kan't be in every place to wunst. Terms reasonable and sattisphaction garanteed if nobuddy finds fault.

Wishin you grate suckcess and mutch of it I remane

Yours without fale,

P. Benson, Sr.,

which the sr. it stans for singger.

P. S.—if enny of the gurls folls in luv with my profile tell them to right to me enclosin a three (3) cent stamp and ile see about it.

Goose greece is better than lard for makin fried cakes and donuts, if you raise your own geece. Besides the quils makes tooth pickers and potater pop guns.

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A Other Essay onto Mewsick.

By P. Benson, Sr., (whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.)

40 years ago mewsick was not in a hi state of cultyour. Public at10tion diddent run that way. Now it is so hily cultiveighted that a good mewzishen can sing the most affectin things in so hi a stile that you can't tell a word he says.

If a man whitch is a quire leader can't sing as well as that nowadays, hed better resine his offis and declign takin any part in mewsickal matters.

Some people has so hi a opinion of theirselves that they continue to retane their pozishen as leaders of quires, when they aint phit for it.

To sutch I would offer a small poartion of advice.

Stand in front of a lookin-glass in which the reflexion of your butifool pheatures are distinkly vizzybel, and sing a phue strains of a familiar toon, and if you can understand a cingle word you say, you can set it down as a fixed fact that your voice isent the rite quolity.

P. S. N. B. This is priveight. To the edditer. Say in the payper that the righter of this artickel is P. Benson, sr., doant forgit to put on the sr., (whitch the sr. it stands for singger).

It will have its effect you know on the mines of people to see the tightel to the name.

Tell them he can be obtaind at all hours of the day and

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nite in large and small quantities, to lead convenshuns of mewsick, give instruckshens, and lectyour on kindred subjex.

Say this on your oan responsibility; doant let on I put you up to it, and I will pay you twicet as mutch for it, as I pay you for puttin in the artickels I right for the payper.

Give my luv to all inquirin frens, and never sleep with your arms above your hed.

Your affexyoneight frend,

P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

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P. Benson's Reply to Mrs. Stubs.

MISTER EDDITER—i see a unprincypulled attact onto me in your noosepaper. Its by Missus Stubs, the woomman whitch says she is ov a retirin natur. I spose she menes by whitch, that she goes to bed freakwently.

Its a very good fashion, Missus Stubs, & i advize you to kepe it upp. But i wood give you a slite word of frendly kaushen not to attact the karracters of onnest peapel.

Its a origginel thot of your oan, about my orthogrify bein bad. Nobuddy stans hyer in that respeck than me. Tho ime a little defishent in skollership and sumtimes make tryflin misstakes in spellin, yet my orthogriffy is unimpeachabel, as annybuddy whitch ever had enny deal with me ken testyfie.

Allow me, Missus Stubs to correckt a other rong emotion of yours about my name. It isent Peter or Phillip Benson, but the P., it stans for Psamuel; but as Psamuel is a long name, i always counteract it into P., and right it for short, P. Benson, Sr., *whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.*

As to introodin myself, I doan't think ime apt to introod myself on the reading public, or Any other public. Ef they doan't chews to read my effusions they needent—not enny.

Alloodin to your aimable inquiry that you wood shake me into shoostrings, I wood Remark, do you wear cotten or leather shoostrings?

With these fiew and feable remarx i will close.

If you ever happen to be on the same side ov the atlantick otion whair i am, pleaze koll and see me. How is your dar-

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ter Cemanthy an? Whitch of the two is the oldest, you or her?

What make of hair die do you use?

Do you wair false teeth, or artifishel ones?

Hopin you woont konsider this too pursonal, I prescribe myself,

Your affexyon8 frend,

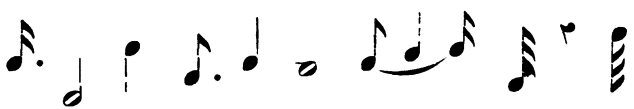
P. BENSON, Sr.,

whitch the sr. it stans for singger.

p. s. mister eddyter—i hev invented a new toon whitch promises to be a grate sucksess. Hear is a verce of it.

Kum my luv whair the bumbelbee,
Pours fourth its song in the e-
vening time so still and gay;
Kum, O kum away.

The furst stanzas of the toon goes like this:



Doan't you think its touchin? Its to be printed in big letters for the benephit of them that's hard of hearin.

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The Mewsick of Nater.

Hwo is thair so igornant of the ways of the wurld not to admire the mewsick of nater? By hwich mewsick of nater I mean nateral mewsick sich as birds and things makes.

1 grate thing about the mewsick of nater is that it's cheep. The performers work for nothin and find thairselves.

The Best time in the day to hear it is about dusk in the mornin. Then the little songsters of the grove (that's the birds and bumblebees) strain fourth thair gentle notes, the calves blat, the muskeytoes hum, the turkeys Gobbel, the roosters crow, with many other Articles too tedious to remunerate.

Sumtimes thairs a grate similarity between two things that's much alike, but the turtle dove and the snappin turtle haint much similarity—hardly enny. They doant sing alike At all. The turtle dove has much the sweatest vois. The snappin turtle haint no voice—leastways none that i no of. The oanly thing thair alike is if you ketch them thayl boath try to git awa.

The turtle duv sings a murnful song. The dog doant sing oanly when he gits mad and barks at sumthing, and then he doant sing—jist barks. But the dog has his good quollities as well as other peepel. He's a fatheful animile, and eats amost ennything you doant want to eat yourself. In wun respeck he's soopeeryer to the hors—he never kicks,

The cricket's a inseck of smoll statyour about the sighs of

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A grasshawper who livs around promiskuously under stones And things And sings too sharp to sound well close to the naked ear.

The hors whinnys when he sings, and that's when he's hungry And kant git ennything to eat.

The Jackasses toon is a bray. He hazent got the melowjussest voice ever was but i think it wood sound well in a large room whair it cood have free pla. The jackas And the muel hav both grate ears for mewsick.

Thair is Severl other things in nater's quire wich sings, and sum wich doant, as for eggzample a salt codfish, thay doant hardly ever sing.

P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

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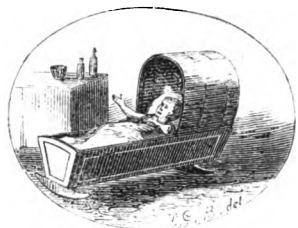
P. Benson, Sr., when he waz a Chiled.



In the cut of the abuv pickter is tu be seen 1 of the gratest fenianomenon of the age; whitch was the age of about six (6) looner munths. Lookin at it with an unpractised i or even if they lookt at it with boath ize, enny buddy woodent think their wuz enny thing verry Remarkibel in sitch a pickter. But thay wood be mistaken for it is—yes, littel and small and deminyoutive as the young gentelman appeers whitch is so butifoolly delinificated in the abuv poartrait it was the foundation of *I, P. Benson, Sr., whitch the Sr. it stans for singger* (Printer plees poot them last wurds in different letters so as to attrack at10shun.)

The featyours of the face is strikinly correck as neer as I ken reckolleck.

At this time of my life i spent moast of my time singin "Songs without words," the auther of whitch I jest now disremember, and yu will see by the picter that I em beetin time with wun of my hands, the uther hand bein indivisible on

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account of becoz you cant see it for bein kuvered up with the blanket whitch is over it, and conseels it from vue.

Enny time when I sung louder than useyoual the woman whitch I boarded with took the bottel whitch you see standin on the tabell, pored sum uv it in a teespune, held mi noze and emptied it into mi mouth.

I wuz so fond of singin that I offen sung in the nite, and thay wuz so fond uv heerin the sweet toans of mi vois that thay wood get up in the nite when i wuz singin and carry me round to heer me sing, for i wuz smoll when i wuz little and no grate heft to carry round.

I lissened with grate delite to enny mewsick that happend to cum within reach, and the woman who i boarded with after lettin me help miself to a harty meel from the mayternal cistern wood sing tu me if she had time & if she haddent, she poot mowlassus on mi face so that the flize wood cum and sing round mi face to amoose me. This wuz in the summer time for i wuz olwaze older in the winter time and cood amoose miself uther waze. I intended tu kepe that craydel but mi admirers used it oll up for kepesakes and charms and relix.

And no wunder, for it will never agane contain contents eakwell in the simmilarrity of the extent of its grateness to what it had when it sheltered the phorm of

P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the sr. it stans for singger.

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Varius Things.

MISTER EDDITER.—i had sum waity matters to lay befour the reeders of your eryoudight sheat, but the time has cum to maik urly preperations for the neckst campain of singin sckools. So you needent look for nothin from my ready pen this time.

I would steam it as a faver if you wood find out the chances of my gittin up a sckool in your place this winter, as i hev never tot in Chicawgo yit. Hwo tot thair, last winter, and will he teech agin this winter? I spose 1st cum 1st served, as Bill Shakespear sed when he crossed the Alps into South Carolina, so if i apply befour enny buddy I ken git the sckool.

I spose they woont be no trubble but what I can git the Chicawgo sckool house for singin sckool, as I had no diffyculty in gittin the skool house in Stallstown, Dennygall, Youngstown and other numerous places.

My rool is to begin skool at airly candle light and continyou for a quarter of thirteen nites.

The 1st nite will be a grand illoomination of eech one to hold a candle in one hand, and sing with the other.

Strickt order will be deserved. Them that's bigger than me will be requested not to tock louder than a whisper, but the little cusses mussent whisper atoll, and if they do thayll be put out doars, unless their daddys is rich, or has stole from guverment or utherwise sackryfized their personal cumfert for their kountry's good.

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Nobuddy need expect me to go home with them to stay all nite unless thay is gurls in the family and chicken, as I need good vittels and a good deal of it to keep my vois clear.

Them that comes to sit back in the dark corners and coart the girls mussent throw peanut shells on the floor.

They will be a long intermishen every nite hwen the boys ken spark the girls.

I refer to the followin indyvidooals who I endorse for my karrecter, leastways they doant know no harm of me, namely, to wit, viz:

Capt. Napoalyon Bonypart.
Col. Abrayham Linken.
Gen. Joolyous Siezer.
&c., &c., etc., &c.

Sich is my plan of teechin mewsick. A advertisement mite be benefishel, commencin:

"Hark!!!!!! Look!!!!! Halt!!!! See!!! Listen!!
Read This!

Hail Collumby Happy land o'Goshen, Singen Sckool tot by

P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the sr. it stans for singger.

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Lines

Caused in the brest of a mewsishen by seein of a peecock eatin of a butterfly.

rit by P. BENSON, Sr., whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

verce the 1st.

O krooil krooil beest, why
Did you eet the butterfly
You was bad to murd-
er the pirty little bird.

verce the 2nd.

Didden't you hear its groans
When you was a mashin of its bones?
Its kuller was brite yel-
low and its voice as clear as a bell.

3d verce.

O thing with the spots on your tale
You maid the small inseck to wale
It was wick-
ed to play sich a durty trick
On a poor little animile.

verce 4.

For fear my song
Is gitten rather long
I'll fetch my remarks to a close
By sayin if enny buddy knows
Of a place where they want
A singin master I'm the man.

In addition to the above I would say I have got a reseet for makin pickels, whitch I wood sell cheep. Its to put in

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the joose of green corn stocks to make the pickels green. They're grate to keep the vois clear for singgers and other publick funkshenairys.

For a considerashen I would make a toon for the abuv poetry, so as it cood be added to the list of patriotic songs.

I hav some noashen of givin konserts in a travellin capassity this winter, under the tightel of the Benson Family. Admittance (15) fifteen sents a nite.

I wunst giv a consert to Stallstown with grate and continued suckcess, although they wassent menny out to the konsert on acount of them not wantin to pay ten sents at the door. You see it was befoar the war and prices wassent so hi then. What was thair diddent know enough about mewsick to propperly depresheate the hi stile of my singgen.

For instens, I thot I wood wake up their tenderest feelins, and so I shet my eyes, put on my sweatest expression of my face and sung, "Oh are ye sleapin, Maggie?" and jist as I opened my mouth to let out a other sweat strane, a big fat girl, whitch was called Maggie, riz up and sez she, "Nary time, Mr. Benson, my eyes is a good deal wider open nor yourn."

Sich as her hain't no correck idy of good mewsick, and Ole Bull hisself coodent sing to pleze them.

Hoapin these few lines may find you in the same stait of health, I remane,

Respectably yours,

P. Benson, Sr.,

whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

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Appresheashen & the Presydensy.

SAY MR. EDDYTER:

Did you ever noatess that jeanyous was never foolly appresheated til after you're ded!

This centiment gained a strong mayjority over me when I refleckted that after oll Ide done to aid the risin gennyration in mewsick, (as you mite say I've fot, bled and dide in the service,) to think that after oll, I shood be asked if I woodent teech singin skewl for seven shillins a nite, hinten that I cood saw wood days, and teech nites for a lo price.

No dout when I'me ded and gone and under the ground and berried, thay'll be glad to pay me a dollar a nite.

I hev some noshen of leavin mewsick and going into the candydate business.

I oanly here of 2 or 3 runnin for presydent this fall and I think if I cum out as a independent candydate I may stand a pritty good chance.

At enny rait I intend to spend the next two or three months talkin it up amung frends and if I git propper encurridgement Ile run.

Will you pleeze inphorm me throo your kollems what wages the presydent gits, and if so, whether he works by the day or munth?

Duz he git his pay in trade or cash?

Duz he liv moastly in Chicawgo or New York, and duz he hev Satterday afternoon to hisself?

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By anserrin these remarx you will mutch oblige a numerrous subscryber.

I mite here remark breefly that if I git the nominashun ile ishoo a proclymaytion that all the meetin houses in the ceseeded staits shell sing the patriotic songs of your payper evry Wensday morning.

Confidently Yours,

P. Benson, Sr.,

whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

P. S. Duz the presydent hev a doughnation party like uther preachers?

P. P. S. A feller jist now hed the impudence to tell me they hed elected a presydent and I kicked him out.

Three P's and a S. When I git to be presydent cum and see me. No dout thar'll be a good tavern for you to stop at.

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Cingers.

By P. Benson, Sr., (whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.)

Whitch the cingers they be varus kinds. Sum is base and sum is tripple. Then cums tenners and altoes.

These 4 is all the konstitootion provides for, but sum is also 2d base baretone and sitch.

When 4 of the varus stiles of singgers sings all to wunst at the same time its kalled a quart-ett, and when half of them sings its kalled a pint-ett, if three (3) sings together its kalled a try-oh, and if one (1) sings together its a so-low.

Base cingers is genelly fond of tobacker and triple cingers, and triple cingers recriprocrate by likin base cingers and tchooing gum.

Triple cingers doant wear no whiskers, but they wear hair long enuff to make it up.

They wear ears on booth sides of their hed when it aint the fashen to kiver them up with thair hair.

Its quite dangersome for base cingers to hev sharp chins bekoz they hev to bend in their chins when they sing the lo toans.

I wunst noad a base cinger with a very sharp chin, and one time he tried to sing mutch lower than yousual and stuck himself with his sharp chin so bad that it made the blud come. His wife felt proper bad about it, for he had on his best shirt and it got so bluddy that it was just about rooined.

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Base cingers can sit a good many more in a seat than triple cingers, whitch is owin to the differrence of their wairing whoops.

When you see the lickwid mellody poar 4th from the throats of the triple cingers youd hardly think they ever eat enny thing but shooger and hunny, but the way they can store away poark and beens is a koshen with poark at 15 dollars a hundred. Sitch is life.

Triple cingers is exemp from votin and choppin wood, tho they have the privelage to pay tacks on their property if sumbuddy else doant oan it.

A lot of triple cingers wunst undertook to set up a guvernment of their oan, and expelled all the base cingers from their terrytory, but they diddent multiply rapidly and sumhow in a fue years the tribe kind a run out and become extinck.

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Gift Konserts, etc.

MISTER SONG MESS.—i have a undiing solissytood for the prosperity of mewsick.

The 1st thing whitch clames my at10shun is that mewzishens as a class is too reckless and self-sacryfizen.

Sum uv them is so ancksyus for the welfair of mewzickle taist that they ar holdin out strong indoosements to the publick to tend thair konserts. Whitch, their konserts air gift konserts and you pay 1 doller for a ticket and they giv you a present of a gift with the ticket worth from 1 to 5 dollers (accordin to its valyou.)

Now this thing must be stopt. For if they git a doller for a ticket and then giv awa from 1 to 5 dollers, a fiew well directed reflexions of enny unprejjoodist mind will see that their izzint much chance for prophit in it. If nothin else woont stop it we must legislate a law on it.

I hev laitly komposed a poem of mewsick with oarrijjinell wurds for the pianno and vois—the vois to taik the wurds and the pianno the toon. It ken be played and sung by enny number. It is patteriotic or sentymentle, jest as you feel about it.

What bounty cood you giv for the excloosiv right to publish, play and sing it? I coodent part with it for less than a considerrable amount as it contanes sum of mi sweetest strains, and its toans will lingger sadly in memory's deserted chamber like the last diein dirge of a frendless zeffer.

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I think this last sentense is in my happyest vain of sad immagery.

Their is a man here sellin patent rights to change any well to a oil well. Our foax had a town meetin on the subjeck with the vyou of havin all the wells in the town changed and melt ice for cookin perpusses.

The man agreed to sell the patent rite for 1000 dollers and make the oil cans and all, ready to cork up, but he wouldnt find the corx and so they split on the corx.

If you will offer enuff for that song you can hav the 1st chance as I wood like to help you up a littel tho I know uther publishers will be mad bekoz they don't git it.

Your Respeckted frend,

P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

P. S.—You ken hav that song at your oan figgers.

N. B.—Wood you be willing to print that song if you got it for nuthing?

P. N. B. S.—How much wood you taik to publish that song?

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4th of July Song and Oarashen.

Sung and spoke at the reseat of the nooze of Lee takin richmund.

By P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

look freemen, look,
richmund is took;
American eagel rejois,
With a ga & festiv voiz.
Korus—(Enny korus you pleas.)

Cannens fire and Guns shoot.
drums beet and Fifes toot;
Fire cannens and shoot guns
Fifes toot and beet drums.
Korus—(to be spoke.)

Mi frens this is a ever memmarable ockashen, bein as has bin intimmidated, in the butifool wurds jest sung, the annivursary of Richmund is took. (Cheers.)

Yes, it is a fact mi frens, the Dreded richmund is took, but whair its took, histery don't say.

This is the day looked forrerd to with fond rememberance by our 4 fathers, whitch fot in the revellution, & i mite here Remark that it is a signiffickent fack that this grate & magnissifent nation all arose from 4 fathers whitch fot for thare liberty, for you see every buddy in this kentry was slaves until these 4 fathers sed thay woodent stan it enny longer, &

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thay went out 1 morning after breckfust and had a fite, and after that they wur free and settled up north, leavin the rest of the slaves down south.

But as i was jest agoin to remark, richmund is took, and in a short space of time the ground whair it stood will be cleared off, and oil wells will be erected to greet the noses of the fair s uthern damsels with their swete perfume.

Agane the talksin of war has sounded, and Lee with his hull army is captivated.

We may, as I might say, rejois grately at this, for if he had come north with his army and got into our town, bereft of oll its abel-bodied men & wimmen, he wood no dout, so to speak, have dealt deth and carnidge all abrod, for i expect he had moar than five hundred men in his army.

Now my frens du yu no the coz of oll this war? It all riz from a want of reciprocal feelin between the 2 sexions of kentry, or, so to speke in plane terms, it was discord between the north and south.

If thair is no moar discord thair will be no moar war, and as war is rather a expencive delicacy, as i mite say, we must kepe out of it for the futer, and the only way to kepe out of it is to kepe out of discord, and we can kepe out of discord by tenden singin skewl, whitch i will teche as lo as enny man at the present price of poark.

Satisfaxion garranteed if direxions are follered.

I ken teech enny 1 2 sing in 6 short lessons, without a master.

Awlive Sheldon of goose corners, lernt in 5 lessons.

No smoaken aloud before intermishen.

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Jeff. Davis.

MESSEIUIERS EDITORS:

Deer frenz:

With much wishes for yure best welfair, I taik my pen in Hand to inform you of my helth. How are yure helth?

This time of the seizin of the yeer izzent extremely faverrable to cultivatin the fine arts. But its very good for cultivatin corn.

Still wher they hev hed good singin skewls threw the winter, and becum well acwainted with mewsikle notification they will worry out menny a wearry minnet of leazier singin of thair faverright toons.

Thair is a roomer here that Jeff. Davis hez bin took up for bein arrayed in the habillyments of a femaal woman's apparell, whitch his bein took up for sitch a thing, is perfeckly right and propper and I hoap he'll hev to giv hevvy bail for his good conduct in futer.

If peapel was aloud to wair enny kind of cloathin promiskous, it woudent be no time befoar you coodent Tell a trebble from a base singger.

Mi song and oarashen on richmund is took, receaved sitch a faverrable recepshun that I hev set a few lines onto Jeff. Davis.

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It is in blank verce as you will diskuver by a attentive peroozle.

1. O jefferson Davis you
Was a mighty big fool
To pass yourself off
For your o'an muther in law
For any buddy mite no
That you wuzzent.

2. You had ot to be dressed
In whoops and chaste
Across a ten acher
Blackberry patch
With a cross bool at
Your heels. That's so.

3. You hev no right to
Wear wimmen's cloathse
And you aint fit
To wear a man's soot
So you ot to be drest
In cloathse made

4. Of hog's brussels and
Chooen gum with the
Buttons made of
Toadstools. This is the
Firm convixyon of
Your frend and admirer

P. Benson, Sr.,

whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

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Strobberries & Rebbels.

Its now the seizen of strobberries and kreem and The booshes have bore quite fool this yeer.

The nites is shorter than last winter but the days is about long enuff to compenseight for it.

"The long long weery days is past in teers and size away" as a singin master wunst feintly murmured when he thot how poor a chance there was for singin skewls when the nites was so short. But then it saves kandles.

The wether is warm whitch is verry good for the crops and its a reel good thing that the warm wether cums in the summer when the things is all planted and growin, and not in the winter when all is desoleight and dreer, and theres no wheet nor potatoes sowed.

Thair is sed to be a roomer of a report heer that jef davis is goin crayzy.

I shood think he dot to go crayzy or any other man whitch wood abuze his wiphe by wairing her clothes and leavin her with hardly enuf to proteckt her frum the inclementcy of the salooberious breezes of the fearce summer air.

She mite easy hev cot a cold or a few teeth-ache, or if she was incligned that way she mite hev cot her deth of phthphisic.

The uther day I met a erring suthern brethring and sez i to him, i remarked, "How du you do?" He was peroozin a noosepayper and he looked up at me with 1 i, whilst the uther

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continyoud to reed, and sez he to me, whilest the lite of his opticle i beemed cam and cereen upon me, sez he, "Du what?"

Evidentlee he diddent comperryhend me.

I sea he looked droopy in spirrits and i endevverred to cheer his revivin spirrits by remarkin to him, sez i, "is it a good kuntry in the suthern confeduracy for raizin strobberries and kreem?"

He raysed his hand to demollish a misskeytoe whitch was anxyusly screwtinizin his countenence and sez he, "you Be dammed." I spose he was addressin the misskeytoe.

I turned square round so that he could hev a fool vue of mi boozem pin and kommenst singen in mi moast insinyouaten stile mi song of "richmund is took."

Overcum by fond emoshun of pheelings i closed mi eyes shut, stuck mi thums in the arm hoals of mi jacket and poared 4th a streem of lickwid malady sitch as celdum falls to the lot of mortel man to heer.

When I had conkluded and finished i unclosed mi eyes open, and looked upon the man but he wuzzent there.

The powwer of that mewsick wus so grate that it must hev compleatly annighhighlayted him.

P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

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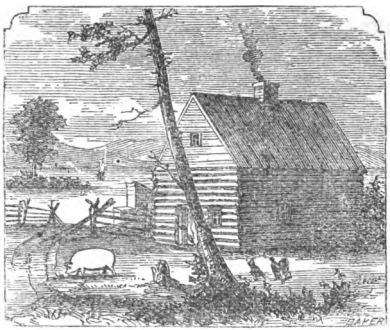
Mi Nativ Kuntry.



Hear is a vue of mi nativ kuntry whair i was born.

You doant see nothing of me in the pickter, bekoz i am round behind the hous, playin on a willough whissel to a old hen and chickens who were hatched out two weeks before the hous set for its pickter.

The chickens was varus cullers, for we swopped sum egs with oald miss nolan, & mixed em all up in the nest when we set the old hen.

The chickens all hatched out good but 2 and we ollways blaimed old miss nolan for givin us them 2 egs; leastways we never knode our old hen to la egs that woz'nt good.

When i was a boy i was fond of climbing trees that was difficulty to climb and in the pickter you see 1 that i offen clumb afore breckfust to giv me a appetight.

The hole of the tree doant show in the pickter but in mi

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next letter Ile send you a pickter of the rest of the tree with me onto it.

A uther tree groad beside it, but that was cut down bekoz mi muther sed Ide climb miself to deth.

The chicken you see in the pickter isnt the oald hen & chickens but if you wotch it about 2 minutes you'll see it krow, and then youll kno its the young wrooster.

Right ahed of the wrooster is the pig that we killed a week befoar Chrismus every winter.

It kep its tale moar for orniment than use for altho it alwaze kep a switchin of it, I never cood see that the flize minded it mutch.

Its tale curled naterally for it never used no curl paypers nor curling tongs like gurls do nowadays.

That pig had a great eer for mewsick. It wood cum to the door and shut its ize half open and sing for an hour at a stretch till muther wood go and give it sum potato peelings whitch it wood stop long enough to eet and then go on singin whair it left off.

At the farther corner of the hous was a ladder whitch went up into the loft and I used to amoose miself bi gowing up their and throwin out dride appels out of the little windough for the pig to eet, and then mi muther wood amoose herself by cumming and spanking of me.

In sitch a plesent place and in sitch plesent pastimes mi yuthfull days passed by like a dreem, and I offen drop a sighlent teer and sumtimes as high as a duzzen when I think them daze is oll gone.

P. Benson, Sr.,

whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

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A Nite Seen.

I told you i offen clumb trees when i was smoll. I offen clumb the 1 befoar the hous to giv me a appetight for breckfust.

Sumtimes i went out in the nite if it wus verry dark and clumb it, so that i would git mi hand in at climbin without seein, for you see I thot if ever I went blind it would cum handy to kno how to git along without seein.

The abuv pickter shose me a climbein of the tree 1 nite when it was as dark as a pocket.

To get the full effex of the pickter, take it about midnite on the darkest nite you can find, shut the frunt door and lock it, likewise the back door, blo out the candle and go down into the sellar with the pickter and then immagin me on the top of the tree up in the left hand corner of the pickter a singin away for dear life.

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Mi muther allers hollered to me thet Ide ketch mi deth a cold bein out in the dark so, but i never pade no atenshun to her bekoz I node she coodent ketch me to lick me out in the dark, and bi the time it was mornin shede forgit it or think she drempt it.

That's her you see in the pickter sticken her hed out uv the windough with a blue nitecap on.

She woar blue wuns bekoz tha diddent sho durt but she kep 1 white wun she olwaze kep clene in case she went anywhair to stay over nite.

Thair wuz 2 grate points to her carrackter, wun wus she olways kep that nitecap clene and the uther wus she diddent use snuff.

You see in the pickter I am in mi bair feet, I cood alwaze clime better that wa.

Bi close screwtiny you will see uther points in the pickter, as well as sum that ar not thair.

Aphexyon8ly yures,

P. Benson, Sr.,

whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

P. S.—I injerred mi vois a little the uther da eatin strobberies and creme, but Dockter Jenks sez Ill git over it.

He hez a big patch of strobberies & creme planted bekoz he sez its helthy as a médysin.

He raizez sum verry big wuns. He meshered wun of them and it mesherred 4 feet round or els 4 inches & i just now disremember whitch.

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A Day Seen.

Thair is sum peapel with sitch poor imajinashens that they cant see nuthin only what's rite before thair face & ize.

In my last I sent a pickter uv me a climin of a tree uv a dark nite mearly givin the gennerl outlines and leavin the imajenashen to fill in the little detales but thair is sum with sitch poor imajinashen, that they cant see it.

At the top uv this peace is a uther pickter showin the thing in a different lite. This pickter shose how good a imajenashen I hev.

I went last week to the man whitch makes pickters and told him to make a profile of me when I was a little boy a climin a tree.

He told me to set down thair in a chair and immajen myself how I was and he'd make a pickter of it.

So he took a pickter of me in a jiffy and put it in his little box covered with black cloth and sed it must soak till next day when I cood git it.

Next day I went and the pickter was all dun, plane as day, tree and all, jest as I used to be when I was a smoll boy.

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It wood seem strange to enny wun to see me now, to think that ever i hed bin a little boy, but I wuz, and its no disgrace for even the precedent of the United States wus wunst a little boy, but now he's a grate man.

But even the gratest men hev trubble, and the precedent mr. jonson is hevvin a bad time with 1 uv his toes.

It izzent his big to nor his littel to but his ve-to, that's what they call the middle to I spose.

Thair wuz a Mr. Freedman whitch wuz turned out uv his house & home and A. Jonson thot it mite rain & wet Freednan's things so he helped Freedman bring his things into his oan house, you see A. Jonson hez bot the white house in Washington, and as he wuz a helpin git in Freedman's buro it fell onto Jonson's ve-to and smashed it so that he now goes round with it dun up in a greased rag.

Old Miss Flint makes sav uv fride unyons and skunks ile that I think wood be good for the Precedent's to.

If the precedent don't want to keep the place he hez when his time's out that he hired for I wood be willin to take it.

I beleave he oanly hired for 2 years from next spring and I beleave thay can't make him keep it enny longer if he dont want it, and I wood be willin to sackerryfize my personal feelins for the good of my kedntry enuff to run the precedent's bizness in the summer time and teech singin skules winters.

Trooly, &c.,

P. Benson, Sr.,

whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

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Tyred Out—4th July.

A STEAMED FREND—It is with emocians of gr8 10derness i adress yu. The fact is, & i ma as well not circumlocute,—the fact is, I can't rite a artikel for this nomber of the Song Mescenger. I kno that this peace of intelligents will cause a thrill of disappointed adamiration to boom thru the harts and boozems of my friends and patterns.

But the most gigantick intelleck must quale beneath the effex of the conseckootiv reproduxion of sitch abel articles from my glowing pen. Hennss i poz too recooperrait.

I need rest, sitch rest as i ken oanly git from repose.

Hoapin to be recooperated rested and reposed by the neckst nomber I sine miself

Aphexyon8ly yewers

P. BENSON, SR.,

whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

P. S. I was offal tired after goin to see the 4th of July. You see it was in Shecawgo this yeer and their was eckskershun tickets, so I put a fue phried kakes and chees in my pawkit and kum.

1st thare was a big, large possession marched round the streets and as I stood on the korner of Postnobills street I had a good vue of them.

A brass band and a big drum led the possession whitch was both men & hosses & sum kuriss lookin carridges whitch they said belonged to the fire cumpennys.

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Then they went to a big house and had speaches singin, etcettery, and so 4th.

I joined my melowjus vois with thares, and between us we maid quwite a nois.

Then thair was a exabishen of Pirotecknix in the evenin.

It was an uncommon pity thay diddent git them reddy so to show them by dalite for it was so dark we coodent see them and I spose there was more than 200 peaple cum to see them; mebby not so menny as that, but at enny rate there was a big croud thair.

Sumbuddy kep a shootin off sky rockets and sitch, whitch wood of been pretty enuff eny other time, but we had cum to see the Pirotscknix, and dident want our attenshun devurted at sitch a time.

Well it took so long to get them reddy that it was clear dark, and they were goin to git candels and lamps to hoald befour them so as we could see them plane, and just as thay wood git the candle up to them the dratted things would take fire and the whoal shebang burnt all up.

They looked mity nice while thay was burnin, but it was a pity thay was lost, for enny enterprizen yung man mite hav dun well egzibbiten them round the kuntry at 20 cents a site.

P. B.

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A Diegreshen.

FRENDS, ROMANS & KOUNTRYMANS:—

"Lend me yure ears and be sighlent, that you ma hear," as sayed the renowned Seizer, when he woz stumpin it for conggress. Whether thay oll accommydated him with the loan of thair ears I dont no, but ef tha did, tha never got them back agen, unless old Seizer woz better at returnin what he borried than pollytishens now adaze ar.

We hev, howsumever, ockasion to lurn from this, that fashens wus kwite not like they be now, for tha hed thare ears put on with screws, so that when tha hurd singen tha diddent like, oll tha hed to doo wus to unscrew thare ears and poot them in thare pawkits. Tennyrate, ole Seizer was a leetle onreezonable to taik awa thare ears, and then ask them to hear.

But awl this is a diegreshen.

As i sed before, lend me your ears, (i mean in a figgerative cents,) and I will "to you a tail unfold."

I hev heer, (I would remark in passing,) kwoted a kwotation which shoze anuther curiss fashen that prevaled in old times, 1 which was a grate convenyance.

All kinds of tails was folded up, and when a old maid had a number cats that she was afrade wood hev thair tails trod on when cumpenny cum, she jist folded up thare tails, and then with a blush of onnest virtue on her brow, and a red

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bandanner silk hankkercher in her left hand, she gracefoolly shoad her cumpenny into the best room without a thot of care within her peacefool boozem.

It was ollso kwite a usephool kustom at milkin time, fur when you wus milkin, and the cow kep a switchin her tail into your ize, you cood gently fold up her tail and milk away without feer or faver.

But to return to my subjeck. "Lend me your ears and be" —but i must stop for the present, and ile see you agen.

P. Benson, Sr.,

whitch the Sr. it stans foı singger.

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Mewsick made Ezy.

By P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

Bein direxions by whitch enny yung person of modderate amiability ken lurn to sing without a livin teecher, or in fackt without enny teecher at oll. Cummence lurnin to sing urly in liphe befoar you ar in the yere and sallow leaf as the poet says.

Doant be diskurridged if you ain't born of welthy parents, for menny a singger hez bin brot up in indignant sircumstances, and we doant knoa what may turn up enny da amid the checkered and crossbard seens of life.

Look pleassant and cam when you cing and doant stretch out your neck like a Hangshai rooster eatin korn off the hed of a barl.

Hoald up yure hed so as not to crowd the sternum of your brestbone.

Taik in a full inspyration of your breth soze the sound ken viberrate good.

Eat reglar 3 times a day if you ken git it; and never sleep on a full stummick—in fact it izzent best to sleep on your stummick at all, but lay on your side.

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Drink no intalksicating or spirrittoous licker bekoz it is apt to inflame the mucous member of the stummick and coz information.

Doant greeze your hare with kerryseen oil unless its flavored with sum uther perphumery, bekoz it izzent plezzent to uthers whitch sing on the same boock with you.

If your shuze leek bad enuff to wet yure feet doant stop up the hoals with brown paper, bekoz the wotter will be olmost sure to soke thru the paper and git into yure shuze and then thare will be no hoal for it to run out of.

Ware yure shuze rites & left and always set them beside each uther when you take them off at nite, so that when the house happens to burn down at nite you will kno whitch shu to put on whitch foot.

When you eet pi, always commense at the sharp end.

These direxions well followed will result in yure bein a good singger if yu ken reede mewsick, and thers nuthing onplessent in yure vois, or way of singin.

P. B.

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Singin' Skewls.

By P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

Singin skewls is a grate advantidge.

It may be well to remunerate a fue of the advantiges.

It is good for the helth. A purson whitch tends singin skewl is always well, leastways thayre well enough to go to singin skewl or else thay woodent go. So it is very plane and evadent that its a good thing fur the helth. I offer my distingwished services to teech singin skewls this winter.

(Noatiss to the printer. Doant fale to print the last remark, as it has a important baring on the subjeck.)

Its also good for econnomy. It doant cost near as mutch as it duz to go to a bawl, and it doant make the oald fokes haff so mad. I alwayze give a long intermishen so that you get the full wurth of your munny.

Its also good for savin munny. Whatever is spent for singin skewls izzent sqwandered as it alwaze goze into good hands, if the singin master is the rite sort. I pay sumthing for the sport of guverment evry year.

Then its good for meditation and reflextion

What more cumfurtable posishen ken you be in fur meditatin and reflectin than to be sittin on the uther side of the skewl house, opposit of a bloomin gurl, over hoose hed the

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frosts of fifteen (15) or twenty (20) or thareabouts summers has litely passed? Behoald her. The lite uv her kandle, whitch she has rapped round the end of it a noosepaper so as not to greeze her fingers, beems gently on her fare feetyours. You gays into her lickwid ize of blew, and your hole sole is stirrid withinto you, like your muthther stirs hasty pudding with a mushstick.

The singin master sez "1, 2, 3, sing," and she opens her mouth to sing, and her teeth shine like perls from Greenland's icey mountins.

Most likely she never had the teethaik in her life.

You air charmed. You admire her buty whitch it is not a tall dimmed by knoawing that her father is ritch, and in the dephths of your meditation, while the candel-lite and the mewsick of mi melojus vois fils the room eenamost ful of goldin glorees, you ecksklame in the langwidge of the poet,

"And O, if there be an elision on airth, it is this, it is this."

My frens and patterns, thankful fer past favers, ken prepair to git reddy, as I shall commence before shortly to teech singin skewl.

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A Tail.

By P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

'Twos a cam still morn in the munth of Ocktober, whitch is one of the fall or ottum munths.

It was at that seizon of the dyin yeer whitch awaykens fond remissness of former memmeries of the reckolection of bygone dayze.

The rain cum down in a kind ov fine mist, in a sad, lingerin kind of a way, as if it hated to wet the spot on whitch it lit, but diddent egzackly no whair else to go.

The vernal breezes of ottum kep a blowin away, but not hard enuff to blow ennybuddy's hat off.

The trees swaid back and 4th like a old wooman with the teethaik.

On sitch a luvly morn as this, a maden fair with pensiv hair gayzed out of the east kichen winder of a hous in the butifool and romantic stait of Illinoy—gayzed long and well—she gayzed and gayzed and better gayzed—gayzed as if there was suthing on her mind, whitch I suppose there was.

She was a nice gurl of medium heft, with a mild temper and a iron spoon in her left hand.

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She had been bakin pancaikes. Her eye flashed and her boozem hove with the emocean of her feelins.

Suddenly she spoak and revealed the cozz of her solissytood as she sed, sez she: "Thare! if that old cow of Wellses haint broak into the garden agin."

P. S. if ennybuddy wants to see me next friday nite, i will be at Pringall's skewl house teechin singin skewl.

It will be seen frum whitch that I hev cummenced the winter campane.

A phue more nites of the weak is left unockapied, whitch will be oll taken up as soon as i hev engagements enuff to fill them.

Orders filled in rowtation.

I rechoir good vittles when I teetch, for a man needs a good deel of strength and 40titude to stan up be4 so menny gazin ize and mouths.

My frens and patterns will pleeze bare this in mined when they invight me to stay all nite to thair house.

I never rephooze chickens as I think it helps to make the vois cleer.

If enny uv the gurls hez trubbles with the toons, tha ken kum to me at intermishen and Ill explane it, or if thair muther is a good kook and has a spair room, I cood go to thair house all nite.

The boys that gits the mitten woont be aloud to blow out the candles of them whitch is takin the girls hoam from singin skewl.

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Lines set to the Pieana.

By P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

Virce first

On a cummer nite
The mune shoan brite
Besides a star
Who shoan frum far.

Virce second

The firefly sung
With its little tung
Around amung
The uther yung—animiles.

Virce thurd

O! luvly nite
It is delite-
ful to sit in your shaid
With a pirty maid.

Virce forth

Oh sofftly, sofftly flows
The wind agenst my nose
And the rest of my face
With a steady pace.

(Them which chews ken sing a coarus to these virces, bein at libberty to chews what coarus tha please. I forgot to sa

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at the top, that it was respectably inscribed and deckidated to miss J. F. The next virce that cums, belongs to the same peace and shood be red strate throo with the uthers without stoppin to read this till you hev finished readin the virces.)

These virces must be red with deap feelin & sung in the same way.)

Virce fifth

The owl repeats
Hir joyous lay
And then he seats
Himself on a log to stay.

Virce sicksth

The bat with his broad and sweeping wings
Majestic sails after flys and things.

The End.

If you want to maik them moar impressive all you hev to do is to sing each virce twicet.

If enny buddy objecks to these virces that they aint first rate poetry, I wood just remark that their aint no poetry so good this year, the season wuzzent right for it.

To keep horses from braiking the halter—never tie them with a halter.

Always kindle a fire in your room when you go to bed and you will never be trubbled with muskeytoes—they'll think its winter when thay see the fire, and thay never bite in the winter. If that doant suckseed, set fire to the bed cloathes and the smoke will keep them away.

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Singin.

By P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

Singin is a importent sighence. Them whitch doant lurn to sing luze the gratest delite of their lives.

Without stoppin to tel oll the advantages I will jist enoomerate a singel instants whair a man saved his life by his singin.

He wuz a man whitch wuz born of poor but onnest parents and wuz wun day wocken along carryin a blue cotten umberell with wun hand and singin with the uther when he past by a Hous whitch a man was fixin a chimbney on it, and the man on the hous wus jist gowing to throe down a brick whair the man's hed wus whitch wuz singin, when he heerd the man singin and looked and see it wuz a man and diddent throe the brick on the man's hed butt throwd it in a uther direxion.

Now if the man hadn't a been singin, the man on the hous woodent a seen him and he wood of been apt to of smasht his hed with the brick.

Moast peeple ken sing sum, moar or less, but a kenairy burd ken sing moar for its sighs than ennybuddy I know.

May be if uther peepel wuz kuvered with fethers like a kenairy burd thay cood sing better.

Boolfrogs is grate singers in the spring seizen of the year.

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Thair boozem swells up to a enormus sighs when they sing Sum peepel's boozem swells with pride, but a boolfrog's swells with wind.

A boolfrog ken sing louder for its sighs than a hors, but a hors is wurth the moast of the 2 for to ride onto.

A man whitch is A singer shood never ot to hev his hair cut short befoar a change of wether bekoz he mite take kold and not sing so well.

A man whitch is a good singer is very handy in a famalay for he ken pitch the toons to meetin, and if his wyfe wants to go to vizzet a naber of a Satterday afternoon he ken stay to home and sing the baby to sleep.

Sum peeple like to heer a jackass sing but i doan't. I'd rether heer a teakettle sing.

Thay say a dyin swan sings hansome but I never heerd wun, tho I hev awfen heerd a dyin pig sing and I cant say I admyre it.

If ennybuddy wants to lurn to sing I ken lurn them in 6 short lessens without a master.

Children under 10 half price. Oll orders filled in rowtation.

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Greating.

To the numerus frens and patterns of P. Benson, Sr., whitch the Sr. it stans for Singger.

It hez bin a subjeck waying on my mined for sum time that doutfull things is very uncertin.

A good menny peepel hez dide this yeer, and very likely moar will, and if enny of my frens shood be amung em, it wood be a grate soars of cumfert amungst my overwhelmin greef at their loss to have sum little keepsake in the form of a leggissey left to me in their wills. For the benephit of setch as has no expeariance in law I hear give a

Phorm Of A Legissy.

I also giv & Bequeeth to P. Benson, Sr., (whitch the Sr. it stans for singger,) or Bearer as spessyfide in the act of incorperation the said sum of 1 hundred dollers (moar or less) for the use behoof & Benephit of him his airs & assigns forever moar or less.

And i hereby direck my egzeckyoutawer or Bearer to pay

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said sum to the said P. Benson, Sr., enny time within 6 munths after his dececе and taik his receapt theirfor.

Yours with Respeckt,

John Smith,

or whatever his name may happen to bee at the time.

If enny shood prefur to pay down than to leave it in thair wills I wood be willing to pay interest on it.

P. S. The singin skewl to Pringl's skewl hous is dun. I took leave of my departuer frum that place with pheelings of sadness for I noad it wood be sum time befour enny of them wood invight me agen to eet chicken to their house.

1 of the gurls brung sum pop corn to singin skewl a phue nites ago & you hed dot to of seen them try to squench their thurst after eetin of it out of a leeky tin dipper whitch leeked faster than they cood drink, and then the gurls wood all laff.

Sitch things make a deep impreshen on the tender minds of yuthe, and I wood be the last 1 to cast a obstickle in the way of their feest of reeson & their floe of sole.

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Mi Granfather.

GENTEL REEDER

you and i air mortals, leastways i am & i presoom to say you air. The fact is most evry buddy is mortal and sum is mortal big fools.

This reflexyon cum upon me as I lookt at the abuv pickter of mi paternal granparient of the male perswasion. He hez lost most of his teeth so that he no more takes delite in knawing green corn off the ear but cuts it off with a nife.

He wuz wunst as yung & booyant as enny buddy but he aint ½ as yung now as he used to be, and evry few days he gets older.

His wife (his wife wuz mi granmuther) is about as oald as he is and its a good thing she is, for she wuz a yung gurl when he married her and if she had stade yung while he groad old thair woodent be no affinity atween them. But as it is, they both bein old, makes it about even, so that theyre

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about as nigh a match as enny pare of cattle you'll find in the same yoke.

He's a *leetle* sot into his ways and cant be injuced to beleave enny buddy ken make as good a precedent as Jenrral Jackson and evry fue yeers he votes for him.

He thinks the old fashens is best, takes his tea without shooger, and sez shanghigh chickens is a noosance, and watterfalls on the gurl's heds a invenshun of the devile.

He sez the laws izzent as good as thay used to was for when he was a boy you cood git all the appels you wonted for a shillin a bushel and now you kant git a duzzen for that.

He never invested nothing in railrode stocks and you coodent get him to ride onto 1 for luv nor munny.

He wuzzent as good a boy as he mite a bin when he wuz yung.

His daddy had a peace of corn growin sum ways frum the hous and promist him three (3) cents a day if hed kepe the croze off it. So he went and stood up on a stump oll day holdin his arms out and the old man was much pleazed with his fighdelity, and after that day he stuck sum oald cloze on a stick on the stump and thin went & hunted bird's nests & tho he diddent phool the croze he did the oald man and got his three cts. a day.

P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

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A uther Tail.

By P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

A fare yung damsel with auburn neck & alabaster tresses stood a gaizing into the far distanse while the greesy water dript sloly and luvingly frum the dishcloth whitch she held int› her butiful hand in the dish pan filled with dishes. The dishes wuz a blu edge to them. Long she gaized, long and sadly. * * * &c.

Afar on the summut of the mountin side haff way up to the top, whare the gay breezes of summer wuz pleezingly diversifide with rattlesnaiks and huckelbury booshes, (I wood here explain that I forgot to menshun that the yung damsel described washin dishes at the beginning's name wuz Jane, Jane Nicewonger, and for feer I shood forgit to tell it at the rite place I will now remark that the next yung man I tell about his name will be John Stires.)

Well as I sed before on the mountin abuv sed, sclamberin up toards its brow and forhead gayly leept a pensiv youth. The frosts of 21 or 2 or 3 years hed past over his hed and particklerly his ears takin a nip at the latter as they went. Wildly he dashed onwurdz, onwurdz and upwurdz, ever onwurdz & upwurdz, while the birds churped merryly and a red

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bandanna hankercheef streemed from his cotetail pockit. His name was John Stires, jest as I sed it wood be.

"O Jane, Jane," sed he in axcents of despair, "o Jane, Jane." That wuz what he sed. You may judge from that what he wuz thinkin about. He had luvved Jane Nicewonger fondly and longly, and the old man old Joe Nicewonger hed jist kicked him out door.

That nite at the ded our of midnite or may be a little before it, a figger crep up to Jane's bedroom windo. She lived in a 1 story house and slep down stairs. It wuz the figger of John Stires. Sez he "Jane?" Sez she "what?" sez she. "Fly with me," sez he in a hoarse whisper. (He wuz a little hoarse from heving a bad cold.) As soon as she cood dress herself she got up and flew with him, and at the house of Squire Moorhead tha wuz maid 1 in the holy bounds of mattermoney.

In the mornin thay went back to the old man's and John staid outside till Jane went in and peaceified the old man. He wuz awful mad at 1st, but finally cooled down and giv them his best devon cow as a start in housekeepin. * * * &c.

Years hav past by and in a neet little cottige with a linter on 1 end lives Mr and Mrs Stires surrounded by 28 hed of cattle all raised from the 1 Devon cow. The end.

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Krismus Etsettery.

Krismus is kum and went. It jinerally goes the same day it cums. It has 1 objeckshun, it most always cums in the winter, but for them that likes to hav it so that aint no objeckshun.

Its a grate time for roast tirkey and slayrides. The best way is to take the slayride before dinner, so as to have a better appetight and hwen yu seet yureself at the ga and festival table (sum use a ga and festival board but a table holds more) hwen yu seet yureself opposet of a luvly blumin damsel with a smile on her mouth and 2 or 3 rings on the 3d finger of her left hand, yure boosom swellen with joy and the tirkey's with stuffin how you do feel.

Its a very aproprate time to sing "giv me a cot in the vally i luv," while the man of the house cuts up the tirkey. Every buddy feels happy but the tirkey, who will no moar travel round with a red rag hangin droopingly over its nose spreddin its tail like a fan and sayin "quit, quit."

Little he thot when he was pickin up the golden grains of corn he was only makin hemself reddy to go to pot or pan. A sad fate is his. But, let us pick his bones and be thankful we aint tirkeys or any other bipeds.

Whatever tirkey is left over is kep till noo yeers and sliced up cold to giv to them that goes round ½ drunk makin calls on femail wimmen with ribbons on thair hair.

Krismus and noo yeers cums only a weak apart whitch is

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most too close, and its to be hoped the president amung uther improvements will apoint the next two farthar apart.

A body is very apt to eet a good deel on sitch a time and the nite after they will dreem sumtimes of 1 thing and sumtimes another.

Jenny Lind dremp twice of her daddy's farm (whair I spose the tirkeys wuz razed) in these sad and touchin wurds. "I dreem, I dreem of my father's land."

But if yure a yung man yule be ap to see in yure dreems the ethereal spirit of yure granmother with the face of the bluming damsel whitch set opposate of you at the table and a tirkey gobler under each arm, pointin a carvin nife at yure stummick and hollern "quit, quit."

I linger proudly on the theme of tirkey, its a very fassonating subjeck exselled by none and eakwelled by phew unlest it be a charming creetyour of the fare seck with red hair on the back of her hed and cheeks as round and rosy as the red June apples in Skinner's orchard.

P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

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A Phue Rools.

Mewsick is 1 of the Arts and sighentses. A singer is a artist, and a singin master is a sighentist if he teeches sighentifically, utherwise he's a humbug.

To them as wants to exsell, a phue rools will be very perceptable, and by follerin whitch you ken suckseed.

1. If you sing in a quire ollwaze hold the last toan after the rest are dun, so that peeple can heer you sepereight.

2. When you kum to a high noat thro yoor hed back and shet your ize, it maiks it moar expressive.

3. When you get dun with the hi toan and want to see the next line open your ize agane.

4. If enny buddy els looks on the book with you hold it strate in frunt of your own face and then it woont be in thair way.

5. Olwaze objeck to the toon the quire leeder selecks and chews a pirtier 1 yoorself, it shows yoor good taist.

6. Ockashenally sit still and let the rest of the quire sing the him without you; it spoils the effeck of yoor singin to hav it too common.

7. Doorin the sermen and prayer keep a turnin over the leeves of yoor book—it shows you are devoted to mewsickle persoots.

7½. Spend sum of your time ritin in books and ritin noats to sum 1 else in the quire, for if you want to sing cleer you

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mussent weary yoor mind and vois By lissening too close to the servis.

8. If its in the evening beet time with the hand with whitch you hold the kandle with—the oddience ken see it planer.

9. Doant forget to whisper sum—it taiks away embarrassment and helps pass time away.

10. Fill your pockits with peenuts before you go to meetin and thro the shells on the floor,—the seckston ken tell then whair the quire sets when he sweeps out.

11. Olwaze take the best seet—sumbuddy must hav it, and it may as well be you as enny buddy else.

12. While you ar singin if yu meet the i of 1 of yoor frends in the kongregashen, smile and bow—it shows you aint too much sot up to reckognise an old frend even if yu ar in the quire.

13. Never sing egzackly with the leeder—keep a leetle behind out of respect for him, or else keep a leetle ahed whitch will encurridge him with your egzample. If the rest of the quire sings ahed of leeder, you keep behind; and if the rest sings behind, you keep ahed, this will give variety.

14. Phollough these rools daily every Sunday, and if you have good sucksess you will be sure to suckseed.

P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

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Windoughs and Widoughs.

My subjeck is a interesting 1. Moastly i seleck sitch as are interesting to sumbuddy or uther.

Peapel's taists differ so much that its a verry diffekelt matter to seleck a subjeck that will soot, so that a buddy needs a nateral jenius that way—but then, on the other hand, on the contrary, you ken seleck what subjeck you like, and if it's 1 that nobuddy wood give a tinker's cuss for, sumbuddy will be sure to like it, owin to every 1 likes different things. For instants, sum like sweet cherries, oxharts & sitch, whilst others like the sour umbrella cherries.

The sour ones is the best for gurls & wimmin fokes, bekoz they needent clime so hi to get them, owin to the trees aint so hi.

A wimmin onto the top of a sweet cherry tree 40 feet into the air is not a hansum specktickle.

After all the cherry aint so usephool a froot as the petaty whitch never grows so hi but you ken gether it without a ladder.

Sum peepel is sed to be so dum they kant see a hole thru a ladder, but about the dummest thing in nater is a caff lurning tu drink. They invariably surch for suthing thay doant want, and if you give them a 6 quart pan of milk thay wont eat it unless thay think thay ar suckin it threw your fingers. I suppose thay wood jist as soon milk the cow for themselves, but peepel mostly doant let them. It's a plezzent thing to

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see a caff suck the cow but it aint so plezzent to go out to milk when the cow cums home at nite and find that sum uther caff has sucked the cow and you have to drink your kaughphy with only suger into it.

But the dubble distilled essense of aggravation is hwen you hev milked a tin pale most fool of milk and giv a last fond pull at eech 1 of the tits to maik sure thay aint no more milk into them & jist then the Cow kicks you heels over stummick. You git up and find the milk lyin distribbeted permiscus over the ground and your noo tin pale nocked into a kocked hat, and its a poor consolation to be toled that its no use to cry over spilt milk.

But this is a diegression as the man sed when he fell off the bridge.

The grate trubble wus thay wus no railing to the bridge and he mite of noad better than to go on sitch a dangerous place after nite. On this account the moon is very usefool to prevent axidents on a dark nite, in fact the moon is more usefool than the sun for it shines when it's dark, and the sun only shines when its day light and we don't need enny lite.

P. Benson, Sr.,

whitch the Sr. it stans for singger to be continyude.

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Widoughs & Windoughs.

Kontinyude.

My subjeck is kontinyude as you will see by the heading of the abuv caption.

I hav but a cingle thot or 2 moar to offer and I hav dun.

Sum peapell likes widoughs best & sum likes windoughs best. They aint much differents between them.

Widoughs is to put new clothes on and windoughs is to put old clothes in, so you see thay ar much alike.

You ken see threw a windough but you kant see threw a widough, leastways not if thay ar as tricky as them that ar raised around these parts, so you see thay ar not much alike after all.

After all a widough is a good thing in her place and I admire to see one if she aint all pouder and paint and false teeth and hair and other things.

The end by

P. Benson, Sr.,

whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

P. S. Olwaze set out your cabbidge plants after a rain if you doant git them set befoar it rains, but doant set them out in the rain or you might ketch your deth of cold.

Menny a good singger has been amost rooined by bein out in a wet rain, and then it generelly happens that it rains when the wether is damp and a buddy takes cold eazy.

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The fact is the rain and the wether does a good deel of dammidge.

Its sad to refleck how menny churnins of butter has bin spoilt bekoz the thunder soured the milk, and sumtimes the little chickens & tirkies & things gits killed by the thunder. Thay ar trublesome things tc raze enny way, bekoz the hens wont set where you want them and fights about the nest and brakes all the eggs and lets the rest get cold, and if you do happen to hatch out a phue the old sow will eat them, and theyll git the gaps and die with thair mouths wide open, and git drounded in the swill pale, and if you feed them it will kill em, and if you doant feed them theyll starve to deth, and if they doant have enny other excuse theyll up and dy enny way.

Then after you do git them razed, theyr olwaze into mischeaf, comin into the house when you hev cumpenny to dinner and pickin a hoal in the cherry py you was goin to put on the tabell, scratchin up the sass in the garden, and oll sich.

But after thay cum to years of maturity, say 6 or 8 months, and ar cooked up real nice on the table opposite of a nice smilin yung woman, thay ar reel refreshin after the exosting labers and fateegs of the singin skewl.

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Mi Granmuther.

Hear is a pickter of mi granmuther. Its a littel remarkible that she wuz related to so menny of our famaly, for besides bein related to me, she was wife to mi granfather and parient to mi parient besides bein related in varis ways to varis uther individooals of the famaly.

But thers no ackountin for taists & if she had a mined tu clame kin to so menny ov us its no dout oll rite.

She wuz remarkible fond of singin and snuff likewise raugh turnups, whitch she ollwaze scraipt with a nife on ackount of bekoz she had no teath to bight with.

When she wuz scraipin her turnup, i ollwaze stood round kind a wishful like, and evry now and then shede giv me a mouthfool.

She never woar whoops nor wotterfolls & her dresses didden't drag on the ground.

She wuz propper fond of bisket & hunny, and wuz never noan to rephuse a invite to eat it to a nabers hous.

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Moast of the time she woar a flannel frock maid of bard flannel, green & red. Purhaps she wood of drest nicer if she hed thot she wood ever be related to so distinguisht a individooal as me.

I presoom to say if she hed ever thot when I wuz standin bi her eetin what turnup I cood git, I remark if it hed ever entered her hed that the mouth into whitch she was pokin scraipt turnup into, wood sum day becum a grate man, I presoom to say I make no dout she wood of giv me bigger bights. But I dont lay up nuthin agenst her for it, for no dout it wuz a error of the hed & not of the hart.

Her Sunday go to meetin bunnit lookt like a soaldiers tent but wuz a leetle smoller.

She wus never noan to be waistfool, and never giv away a thing for nothin unless she wuz shure she wood git pade for it.

If mister A. johnson had handed over the flag to her shede a kep it sure, for it seams he has truble to git enny buddy to keep it for him. He has handed it over in lots of places but it olwaze seems to cum back on his hands, for the next place you hear of him he hands them over the flag agen.

Suckcess to him & mi granmuther.

P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

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A essey onto the bee.

By P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

The bee is a very smoll animile but it kan git over a verry hi fens. It belongs to the burd tribe, havin wings but no fethers, and is a verry good singger. It lives on hunny and beeswax and ripe froot of different kines. When it eets grapes it olwaze spits out the seeds and skins, or else leeves them hangin on the tree. It gits its hunny out of flours when thay 1st open, as Shakspeer butifully expresses it

"How doth the bizzy little be
Improve eech shinin our
& gether hunny oll the day
Frum every *openin* flour."

When a be goze up to enny 1 & kommences to sing the person to which the be goze up to them, generly makes his hands and arms go verry fast and runs away and then the be gits mad bekoz thay wont lissen to his song and stings them.

That's 1 advantage of a tode. He is a verry unpretty animile but he never stings, leastways not unlest you shood aggeryvait him verry mutch and then he mite, but I never hear tell that he did.

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The be is a aristokratick form of guverment and has a king be, and elecks a noo 1 every yeer or so.

The be and the misketo air boath good singgers and good stinggers.

The misketo keeps his sting in frunt of him whair he can see what he is doin, but the be keeps his sting behind whair he kant see what he is about, and is just as like as not to sting sumwhair whair it will hurt.

The be never suckels his young and in this respeck is simmilar to a snappin turtle. They ken be trained to stay at home every nite, but for trainin to follough his master around a dog is much supearior, for a be will follough enny 1 else just as quick as his master if thay cum round his hive. The be olwaze lives in a behive and sumtimes in a old hollough log.

Thay never swarm in winter, but in summer when its a warm day and jenerly thay watch their chance to swarm when the fokes ar off to church or sumwhair els.

If thay swarm when the fokes is to home thay all start out with the dinner horn, 2 tin pans, the lookin glass, drippin pan, et settery &c. & maik sitch a outrajus nois that the swarm kant hear whitch wa to go & settels on the 1st appel tree that cums in thair wa, and then the fokes shakes them down at a hive with a sheet under it and tha ameejitly go in and kommens houskeepin.

When I teech singin skewl I olwaze like to stop over nite whair thay keep bese bekoz hunny agrees with my vois.

Besides the hunny be thair is the parin be, quiltin be, and varis uthers too teejus to remunerate.

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A essey onto the kollery.

By P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

If you want to keep well of kollerra avoid eating green cowcumbers—olwaze wait till they are ripe. The fact is they aint much nurrishment to a cowcumber. You mite as well eet a lot of wool soaked in vinegar.

The sour is all they is to the cowcumber ennyway, and most people is sour enuff tempered without aggerwatin it at meel time.

Oald Boucher sed his wife was the most even tempered body he ever see; she was mad all the time, sitch as them coodent be injerred mutch by eetin sour things, but the sour things mite be injerred by it.

The fact is peapel is generly more scaret than hurt. There is no danger bein sick if you only keep helthy, and keep a bottle of Dockter Lemmon's clover-blossom-seventh-son-discovery-con in the house.

Old Miller, whitch worked the Huber farm, the year after Pringgel's skewl house was 1st bilt, tho they are goin to tare

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the old skewl house down and bild a noo 1 of stone, whitch the boys kant whittle the clabboards to it, but its doutful if they'll ever be enny more happyness into it than they was in the old clabboard one with a butiful aray of aphexyon8 yung damsels drinkin out of a leeky tin dipper to singin skewl.

But that's nether here nor there, for as I was a sayin, old Miller was tooken sick all of a sudden one day with the kollery, and while ole Miss Miller was a givin of him every thing she cood think of to dockter the mumps, teethaik and evry thing else she cood think of, and all the while she was goin round cryin as loud as she cood ball, you see she was a good hand to dockter when she node what was the matter, but while she was a fussen ole Miller ups and dies.

You see she didden kno the ole fool had the kollery or she might of cured him, but he hed never took sick and died so in his life befour, and she wuzzent ackwainted with the simpletons of kollery.

Well after the wake was over, and they was all reddy to berry him, ole Miss Miller was standin over the coffin, takin a cup a strong tee to kind a brace her up and tellin Jim Swank all about how it happened, motionin it off with her hand like, and she happened axidently to hit her cup with her hand and spilt the skaldin hot tee onto the coffin.

She quick pickt up a paper that had a advertisement of Dockter Lemmon's clover-blossom-seventh-son-discovery-con into it and rubbed off the tee off the coffin with it, and just as qwick as the advertisement tutched the coffin, ole Miller cum to and kicked off the lid off the coffin and gave his wife a good lickin for spillin the hot tee on the nice new coffin.

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Instruxions in Singin.

By P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

Singin is a good deel better music than playin onto a phiddle or anything, onless the playin is a good deel the best. 1 trubble with phiddlin is the phiddler is ap to git drunk.

Peapel doant like singin so well as phiddlin and konsekwence is, tha doant offer to treat a singer as much as a phiddler, and konsekwense is a singer aint near as ap to git boozy as a phiddler.

Menny a person wood make a good singger if thay was brot up to it frum a child, whitch they shood be sent to a good singin skewl whitch i will teech as lo as enny 1.

Satisphaxion garanteed, if peapel aint too hard to pleeze.

A nother way to be a good singger is not to go thru the mud with paper sold shews on the fete. This is the means of takin cold and spoilin the vois.

The fete of a singger is a most important epoch and shood ought to be olwaze well proteckted frum the wether by shews maid with good lether souls and if stockins is inside of em so much the better. Sed shews to be at leest within 1 sighs of bein as big as the fete, and olwaze kep tied.

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To maik a good hi toan the chin shood be ellyvated by bein razed up.

Most singgers with hi voises now wears a bunch onto the back of their hed whitch ballances it and maiks it eezy to raze the chin. This has a pleezing effect, but shood not be carried too fur, as a axident mite happen if a lady shood have a bunch stick out too fur behind and was wocking along the sidewock and shood suddently turn her hed around to look across the strete her bunch wood hit the window whitch she was wocking beside of and brake the glass.

Sum maiks the bunches of cotten & then kivers them up with their hare, others maiks em of hors hare or the stuffin of old kooshens, & sum maiks em of wind stiffened with wire.

The latist invenshun is a injia rubber bag blowed up. This is verry lite and airy, but they was a lady had 1 onto her to a konsert & the room bein phool it got warm & exploded and bust whitch skared the peapel offally. The bunch wuzzent so big after it bust.

Tenner and base singgers doant need bunches onto their heds bekoz they doant sing so hi, but thay sumtimes git hi by eatin too mutch plantashen bitters, whitch thay taik as an anecdote to a pain in the stummick.

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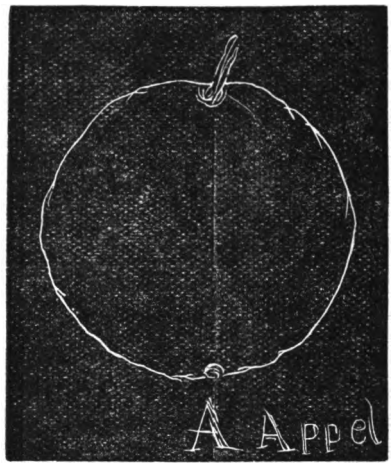

A Essa onto the Appel.

By P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

This essa will be about the appel. The appel is a vegitable produxion of the earth's surfiss, producted onto appel trees. The trees are yusephool for varis purpusses; for burds to bild their nests onto and for boys to clime up, for if the nests was put there without enny tree to clime up, how cood the boys clime up to git the burd's egs? & jenerly the burds wants sumthing to roost onto while thay sing their songs of joy, whitch the appel tree is a good 1 for that purpuss.

The appel is the shape of a glas beed and about the sighs of a good potatough tho sumtimes bigger and sumtimes littler.

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It is the culler of a posy, sumtimes red and sumtimes sumthing else. A green appel izzent red till its ripe and then maybe it will be yaller.

Sum peapel likes a sweet appel best and some sour, but a little babey will olwaze pick for a red 1. If the appels is ground up to a sider mill & the joose skwezed out it makes as good sider as ennything els. The good templers dursent use appels in this shape, but it izzent troo that thay ar so partickler that thay dursent eat a chicken that has roosted cnto a sour appel tree. That's only a scandilus label from sum fo to the coz.

Appels is very plezzent to pass round to cumpenny of a winter eavening, but it izzent so plezzent for a bashfool yung man hwen a hansum gurl passes him a appel with a plait and nife to pair the pairings into, for the plait is very ap to slip off his nee & then he feels verry red in the face.

Appel dumplins is a improvement unlest you hev ate all you ken hold before the dumplins is brot onto the tabel and then you feel verry sad.

Hwen yung fokes gits together thay hev menny amusive performenses with appels, sitch as namin the seeds and countin them, and throwin the pairin over thair shoulder onto the flore to see what letter thair bo's name is.

Appel pize is also good, they are made onto a plate and cut in pieces the shape of a V. Sum eat them with shugar and sum eat them point foremost.

Appels is fassened onto the tree with a stem, but the stem moastly izzent strong enuff and brakes and lets the appel fall in the coarse of a year or so. Hwen thay fall it amooses the hogs and cows and sheep and things but is rather ruff on the appels. But sitch is life.

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Wocking.

By P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

Wocking is very much fashionable now. Peapel use to was much pleezed if thay cood ride into a buggy or onto a horse-back, and oanly poor peapel had to wock. But now its vicey vercey, jist the uther way, wocking is all the stile.

Enny buddy ken ride into a buggy, it doant take no intelleck for that and peapel ar jist findin out that wocking is souppearier.

1 man urned 4 thousand dollars a munth wocking frum the town of Main to Shecawgo. Sum peapel say it wuz all a gamblin specklelation but their wus nuthin speckled about it, it waz all strait wurk.

You see they wanted to send the elexion returns and the tellygraff diddent go fast enuff so they hired this man at 4 thousand dollars a munth and found.

The peapel wuz verry eeger to hear the elexion nooze all along the way & the papers say thay met him at evry town and made a ovation for him. Ovation, thats a kind of egg-nogg I beleave.

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Buggys has fell very mutch in price since thay hev got cheep by gittin out of fashion since wocking is all the go.

Old deaken Jaxen had a buggy that him and Frank rode into, and last year Jhon Bliss offerd him 4 noo miltch cows and a Bramapewter rooster for it and the deaken woodent trade, & last week the deaken told Jhon he mite hev the buggy for 1 cow and 4 Bramapewter roosters, and Jhon told him he diddent want any goods that was so much out of stile.

Jhon sings base to the Yoonyen singen skewl & takes a little wock of fifteen or 20 mile to git his vois agoin. The best wockers take the front seets.

Last weak, I performed my unparleld feet of wockin frum the Yoonyen singen skewl to Pringall's skewl house on foot. On starting out I was scorted by a prosession of sitizens composed of a boy on horseback and a little yaller dog on footback. They kep up pretty well till the road turned off whair the boy had to go to mill and then I soon left them behind. I then increased my spead, passing by Robby Smith's so fast they diddent see me till I got sum ways by and just then a little dog see me with cropped ears and a long tail. He started after me but his tail bein very long, coodent git under headway all to wunst, and he started all of a suddent when he see me goin so fast that his tail poolled right out by the roots, so I was told.

I arrived at Pringall's skewl house at airly candlelite and was welcummed by a committy of 5 bloomin damsels and a noo tin dipper of watter bein the fastest time on reckord.

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Singin illustrated.

I herewith present you to the abuv pickter whitch was drew by Mr. L. G. Beecher, the feller whitch makes pickters of mi career. They wuz drew life sighs, leastways he agreed to make them life sighs, but he sed thay got wet and shrunk, so that thay ar sum smoller.

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He describes them as follows, viz:

"No. 1 shows how to place the vocle orgins.

No. 2, orgins in motion.

No. 3. Hed toan (or hi sound.)

No. 4. Bear toan (or low.)

No. 5. Showin the neat affects perdused by them that air in the advansed stages of singin.

No. 6. Rest or repoze after continued strainin of the vocle vois."

Enny 1 whitch desires to improve thair vois ken do so bi a attentiv peroozle of these pickters.

P. Benson, Sr
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

P. S. I shall be a candid8 for poast master at the next elexyon unlest they shood hire me to teech singin skewl in prefferens of Joe Fry, at Pringgell's skewl hous.

P. P. S. I mite here giv sum of the striking points in the carrackter of those here picktered out.

No. 1 is goin tu lurn the saddler traid and his mother nits all his woolen sox.

No. 2 hez a cuzzen whitch went to the legislatei.

No. 3 sowed 10 achers of petaytoes and razed one hundred (100) achers to the bushel.

No. 4 hez a 1st rate rat dog.

No. 5 kant milk a kow if he tride.

No. 6 ken eet his wait of buckwheet kakcs.

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How to Keep Singin Skewl.

Singin skewls cant be teeched without sumbuddy to teech em, and when I quit the bizniss my mantelpiece kant fall on evrybuddy, konsekwense I giv instruxyens whereby by tendin to whitch ennybuddy ken teech singin skewl if thay suckseed well at it.

If your hair or whiskers is gray you ken kuller em black unle-t you wood rether have em gray.

If you hev no hair onto your hed its moast likely bekos you air bawled, and then its no yuse to kuller it.

Hwen you go into a singin skewl olwaze enter with a smile onto your countenants and saloot the gurls with a cheerfool pensiveness like your mouth was fool of molassez kandy. Shaik hands with the yung men whitch is on the kommitty and ask them is thare muther well. Maik a bough to the ritch men's suns and remark in a patternizin manner that its a fine day to-nite.

Before you open the door to go in, olwaze run your finger along the partin of your hair to cee if its parted strate.

If you aint hired yet and there is anuther candyd8 into the feeld, you ken offer to teech for dubble the price the uther feller asks, and thay wil think you twicet as good as the uther feller if you ask twicet as mutch, and thay will undoubtedly hire you; or if thay kant raze mutch munny tell

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them you'l go for ½ as mutch as the uther feller and thale be shure to hire you so thay ken save the munny.

The 1st nite of singin skewl, if nobuddy invights you to go home all nite with them, you ken go of your oan akord along with the richest skollar and stay all nite, and after that thay wil oll invight you.

Sing a solow every nite of singin skewl oll by yourself without ennybuddy else singin with you, sayin that its by rekwest. Sing it with your ize moastly shut and a smile onto your mouth.

Doant let the boys sit onto the gurl's side unlest thay are a rich man's sun. But if enny poor kuss tries to set with the gurls tell him its agin the rools.

If ennybuddy asks you a question about mewsick that you doant kno, tell him that subjeck will cum up in futer and moastly heal forget it befour the futer cums.

By atendin to theas rools and a phue uther littel eyetems you ken git along 1st rate.

If you cood cum to singin skewl to me a quarter I cood lurn you a goodeal that would be usephool to you.

P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

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A Weddin.

A occurrence took place into our famaly. The way of it was i coodent marry all the gurls, you know, & thay all expected to have me, unlest i did marry some 1 in pertickler.

Hellen Marier's muther cood bake as good donuts as any place they invighted me all nite from singin skewl. She cood kook a tirkey so perfeck that the tirkeys all thot it a onner to be roasted by her.

Hellen Marier was as butiphool as the subdood breth of a gentle zeffer sadly stealin its lonely way thru a corn feeld sometime in the bammy munth of July—say about the 15th.

Her helth was good, hevin bin thru with the mezels, hoopin coff and all sitch, and showin no simtems of the greasin bend whitch prevales amung fair seck, and is cozzed by eatin too mutch green froot. I hev knone sum to hev it offal bad but never knone it to prove phatle.

Her taist for mewsick was also good, as she wood lissen to my singgin as careful as a old rooster lookin up to see whether its a hock or a pijjen a flyin over.

Her vois was good & she cood sing a toon without lookin like she hed tried to swallo a thissel blo and it stuck ½ way down her throte.

She hed menny other good quallities, too tedious to enoomerate, as they say in the hand bills when they ar goin to hev a oxion sale.

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So you see it was the best thing I cood do you kno & her sister Hanner said that it was a very sootable match. Squire McKinny was sum disapointed bekoz he diddent get the job of splicin us, but we thot Elder Lemmon had always led all the other phuneral servisses & we woodent slite him now for the sake of a little expence.

Cuzzen Hastings wanted to kno if we wuz goin to hev cards and I tole him they wood be no gamblin to enny of mi weddins.

We had plenty of pop corn and sum singgin whitch diddent produse the best effex on ackount of Jo Andersen flattened sum of the toans from eatin too much pop corn.

We hev bin married sum time now but I felt bashfool about sayin enny thing about it befoar, but moast evry buddy knose it now, so I doant care enny more. Oald Mis Slocum blistered boath feet on the heel to tell it 1st all over the naberhood.

P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

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Our yungest sun.

Our yungest sun is a boy. He wuz born three (3) weaks ago last Wensday nite, and that's oanly twenty sicks (26) days ago, whitch ackounts for his bein so yung.

My sisterinlaw Hanner, whitch she is the wooman who I married her sister Hellen Marier; she sez, I mean Hanner sez and not Hellen Marier, she sez we woont never rays him, bekoz he is too ophphal smart, but thay aint nuthing into that, for wuzzent his payternal father raysed?

He is a dredfull comfert to those of us hoo are his parents.

He is terrable fond of mewsick, and sings the heft of his time hwen his mind izzent ockoopide sleepin or eatin. He is very kind harted, and so ancksyus that we shood git our propper rest that offen in the nite when he thinks our slumbers izzent as reposefull as they mite propperly be, he trys to sooth us to repose by his melojus toans of his vois, and continyuze to sing till we git up and wock around the flore with him, so as he'll think we doant want to sleep enny moar bekoz it's time to git up.

He moastly doant choo his vittles mutch. He jenerly sings "songs without words." Mendel's son alwaze sung songs without words, tho old Mendel himself alwaze sung the words.

The fact that he doant choo his vittles may be from the reazon that he has no teeth whitch it is a grate blessing not

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to have no teeth, for then he woont be trubbled with blackbery seeds stickin between them.

Menny uther items of interest have ockurred in his histerry, butt i will have to conclood mi feable remarx, as he is singgin so loud that it disterbs the propper flo of idees, and Helen Marier, whitch she is mi wife and allso the muther of mi sun, she is remarkin in her amiable way, Do I want to kill her that i doant git up and peacify that chiled.

Yours in haist,

P. Benson, Sr.,

whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

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On Dooty.

The 1st thing you will notice in this article is the pickter, and the first thing you will notice in the pickter is me, and the 1st thing you will notice on me is the sholder strap.

I mite here explane that the 1 whitch stands onto the platform is me. The sholder strap is to show that I aint ashamed of my kentry's koz, but I noad no kentry cood flurrish without good singing, and so hard as wuz the sackerryfice I restraned my feelings like a man and staid to home for my kentry's good. If I had gone I mite a been shot & then what good wood I a been to enny buddy? Who wood teech singin skewl equill to me? Echo ansers nobuddy.

On the evening whitch you see in the pickter I hed took mi supper to Miss Loomer's & finished up with sum of Melissa's nice appel jell to smooth my vois, and then perceeded to go to singin skewl whair I tide my hors into John Marsh's shed, under whair he has his seed corn hung up too hi for the hors to reach it, you kno it mite maik the hors sick to eat it.

Very shortly after whitch I was standin onto the platform teechin of them to sing out of my new sistem of "vocle singin for the vois," with whitch I am so familure with that I doant need a book but ken sing enny thing into it. On the blakbored is delinnyated the explosiv toan, whitch I am jist givin a egzample to the skewl.

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Jhon Stull sits at this end with the specks on, listenin very contentedly to my direxions as folloughs:

"When you want to maik the explosiv toan propperly, taik in a full mouthful of wind hold on to it till you git fair kontrole of it and then let the toan explose."

You kan easy see by the way he's lissenin that when Jhon tries the explosiv toan he'll fetch it.

Next to him is Dollie Skinner and the buty of her singing is that her daddy raises lots of good apples & she ollwaze brings sum.

Next her is Will Rockwude whitch is studdyin fur a dockter, and rite back of him is old Skinner. His mouth is all twisted to 1 side eatin apples olwaze with the same hand.

The sweet creetyour in the fur corner shall be nameless at present.

They are a good menny more in the pickter you cant see bekoz the picter aint big enuff to hold them oll.

The feller with the big nose is Albert Sherman. He is goin into the poletree bizness & has bot 7 roosters & a hen. He finds roosters sells the best and he's goin to raise all roosters.

P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

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Fairwell Winter.

Eddyter Song M.—Reespektfool freind,

The bammy days of winter mooves sloly on its way, and the long nites for singin skules will soon be dun, and when whitch is dun, the enammered youth ken no moar cast glanses of aphexyon8 10derness acrost the skulehouse at his sweethart, or hwisper words of luv in her eer while he toasts his shins at the expence of the schule districk, but must hence4th do his coarten at the old man's, ef the old man doant objeck, and kick him out dore.

But I must forbare on this tawpick, whitch awakens fond remissness of former days, for I was always firmly attached to girls and singin skules, and so was my posterity before me.

This leves me in a cheerful state of helth, considerin the price of goald. My luv to all inquirin frends, and never crack hickry nuts with your teeth.

P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

P. S.—it is my present perpuss to git up a noo wurk for the vois, ackumpaneed by singin on a entirely knew plan, not hear2-4 attemted. i think i ken make it ophell interesten. Send in your orders urly.

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Hints to Mewsickle Oththers.

By P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

Wunst a yung man cum to me to kno if i thot he wood make mewsishen enuff to rite toons & how long wood it take him & how mutch cood he maik a day a righten toons &c. etsettery.

I replide, "yung man you air of a inquirin turn of mind."

He sed he thot he wuz.

Sez I "Du you yuse pepper onto yure meat?

He replide in the affirmativ.

"& du you sumtimes drink tee or kaughphy?"

He ascented to the proposition.

"& hev you a ritch ant," I continude, "whitch will shortly dy & leve the heft of her fortin to you!"

He frankly replide he was not the happy possesser of enny sitch konvenyence.

"Then mi frend," sed I, as I handed my specktickles to mi yungest sun to play with, so he wood stop cryin long enuff for the yung man to hear me, "if you yuse pepper onto yure meet, and sumtimes drink tee & kaughphy, & hev no sich ant hoom you fondly antissypate will shortly not survive

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enny longer, my advise to you is to doant try to maik your livin out of mewsick unlest you ken git a hand organ & a munky. If you do, you ken never indulge into enny sitch luckjuries as pepper onto your meat unlest you beg the meat and steal the pepper."

I hevvent seen him since, but I never hear tell of his ritin a oppery.

Thare is sum peapel in the wurld howsever that feels it thare dooty to right mewsick. To sitch I wood offer a wurd of advise.

Olwaze call uther mens toons wooden nutmegs. It shows that you hev hi idees and konsekwently peapel ken rely on sumthin good of yure make.

Part yure hair in the middel. It shows your hed is well ballansed.

If enny buddy else is playin or singin tock loud all the time. They will feel flattered that their mewsick is so good it doant disterb your conversashen.

Doant be in a hurry about payin yure board bills and yure wash woman. It shows a grovellin natur to be watchin sitch things too cloast.

If enny buddy doant like the toons you maik, call them phools. Serves them rite.

If you git 1 of yure toons printed & the publick woont by it, sware at the publick. It will help matters.

Never speek well of enny mewsick enny buddy els ever makes or plays or sings. Peapel can then see that you kno all about mewsick.

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The Rools of Goin to a Konsert.

By P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

If you haint got the munny to go imphorm some nice young man what a butiphool konsert they will be, and he will invight you if you will go.

If you ain't a gurl maby you cood slip in without pay.

Alwaze cum after konsert commenses. This will make the performans more varied, and peepel won't get so tierd lissennin. Besides, when the performers see you comin in with your Sunday close on, and the peepel all a turnin round and a looking at you they will be happy.

Try to sit rite square in frunt uv sum 1, so they kant see the performans, this will save their eyesight, and ef you are reel akkommodatin you might stan up sum uv the time whitch wood entirely protect their ize from injerry.

If the person who sits behind you has to turn his or her hed to 1 side so as to see past you, keep a movin from 1 side to the other, so that he or she kan look past different sides of you. This will prevent them from going to sleep.

Make as much noise as you kan at the end uv each toon.

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This kan be dun in varis ways, by stampin and clappin your foot and hands, or by hissin and whisslin it doant make mutch differens whitch, so you make enuff noise. It helps to keep up the interest.

While they are singging keep whisprin and tocking all the time. Almost any subjict will do to tock about. If mis Smith has red strings to her bunnit and yures is .blew, that will be a very prity subjict to tock about. Or it wood be very plesent to remark that mis Jones looks like a frite, and that if you coodnt cum better dressed than mis brown you wood stay at home, and that it lookt well for a nuther lady to be dressed in the hihgt of the fashon wen her husband or her father akkordin to whitch way it wuz, coodnt pay his onest detts. Tock loud enough for these various ladys to heer you. This will coz everybuddy to feel perfeckly ezy, when they see that you feel perfeckly ezy.

While they are singging the last toon git up and go, makin all the noise you kan. This will be a benephit to all, as they can tell by your goin that the konsert is almost out, and the singgers will be grattyphied by it for they will see that you think you hev hed your munny's worth and don't meen to be meen about it and stay to hear more than you have paid for.

The last and best rool is to maik a good deel of noise. This will pleese all.

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The grate Pasiffick ralerode.

At a meetin of me and ole Skinner it was moved and 2nded that

Wareas: The other principle cittys is a cellebratin of the grate Pasiffick ralerode,

Tharefour, Resolved: That the Riley skewl hous whare the rudiments of pateriotism is inculcated and whare a singin skewl was sucksessfully tot last winter by P. Benson, Sr., whitch the Sr. it stans for singger, shall not be behind enny other citty.

In accordance with the abuv ressolushun a large and enthoosastick meetin met in the Riley skewl hous, at airly candle lite.

On motion, ole Skinner was appointed to take the chair, but bein no chair thare, he set down on the skewl marm's bench. Albert Shirman was nominated Seckitary.

Elder Lemon bein called upon addrest the meetin. He sed this was a age of improvement. That ralerodes and canawls was bein brot to pass evry day. That varis kinds of locomotion was now invented so that a buddy cood locomote on a velossy pead or enny way he likes.

Elder Pringall follered in his ushual flowery stile. He sed this was a age of improvement, and varis other eddyfyin remarx.

Squire Huber coinsided with the last speaker.

Calls of "Benson, Benson," was then herd from varis parts of the hous. I let on I diddent hear em. Captin Grame then called out "P. Benson, Sr., whitch the Sr. it stans for singger," and then he whisseld. Bein thus called upon by mi tightel in fool, I arose majestickelly and adrest the meetin as follows:

Extract from a address at the Riley Skewl hous on the grate Pasiffic ralerode.

This is a improved age. I may say it is a patented age. Common things is all out of stile, and we expect to see things still grater.

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Speakin of greaters, you ken make 1 for horse reddish out of a 3 pint basin by drivin a nail hole into the bottom of it in numeris places whitch will smart your mouth as mutch as if you pade forty (40) cents for a patent 1.

1 of the greatest invenshuns of the age, I may say, feller cittyzens, and I am proud to say that I hev the onner to belong to sitch a age, a age I may say whitch you had ot to be proud of, a age I may say whitch for magnicifence of dezine and granditude of execution exels all uther ages, past, present, futur and futer perfeck, is the grate Pasiffic ralerode. (Cheers.)

All the spikes in the grate Pasiffic ralerode is made of goald, whitch is owin to 2 facks. 1st. It has been a verry sucksessfool road, and konsekwently had so mutch munny it didden kno what to do with it, and spent it for goald spikes. (Apploz.(

2d. Goald is so plenty thair that goald spikes cost less than iron wuns, hens it was a matter of the greatest econimy to git goald spikes to mak the ralerode with.

The statisticks of this rode also goes to sho that the ties is all made of lorrel, tipped with silver. So you ken see, mi frends, that it will look verry butiphool as you ride swiftly over the grate Pasiffick ralerode, to see the heads of the goald spikes a stickin out, and the silver tips mildly reflecktin back the rays of the sun in the cam twilite of a ottem mornin when all nater is joyfully deckt in a somber dress of flowers and crab apple blows. (Vosifferus cheers.)

I hev the plesher to inform this aujens that the grate Pasiffick ralerode is no danger of runnin off the track, for it is spiked down verry solid. Every time they druv in a spike they hit it so hard that the stroke was heard in all the respectable telegraft offices throoout the United States. (Much cheers.)

Mi frens, I leave this subjeck with you, confident that you whitch hev tended singin skewl in this hous will not fail in his tryin hour. (Long apploz.)

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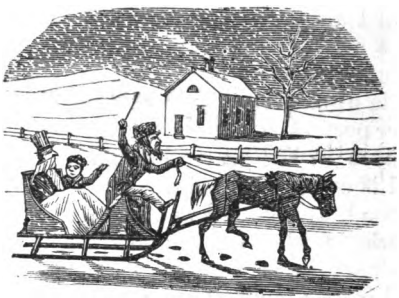
Winter.



It's sad to refleck that the yung and risin gennerashen is oll growin up to be oald fokes, and then hool tend singin skewls? Whitch I will teech singin skewl as lo as enny buddy by the skoller or by the nite or quorter.

Winter and slay rides is a grate invenshun, and the buty of it is that slayin ollwaze cums in the winter when it izzent a very bizzy time, and you hev plenty of time and ken go just as well as not, and they aint no flys in the winter to bight the horsses and maik them spend ½ their time a switch-in of thair tales, and a stampin of thare feet, but they kan devote thare entire energys to gittin along. (*See kut.*)

And a nuther thing, if it cum slayin in hot wether you coodent rap up in buffalo robes and blankets and coverlids and things, whitch its a-grate kumfert to tuck up yure gurl nisely in the slay, and then set up cloast to her for to kepe warm.

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And a nuther thing, its moastly sno onto the ground when its slayin, and if you git spilled out it dont hurt you to fall onto the sno like it wood if you fel onto the bear ground.

But when the yung fokes gits all groad up to be oald fokes, thay woont care nuthin for slayin unlest it be to git thare grist to mill eezier than on the bear gound. Thay doant valley it for sno bolls and slidin down hill and sitch. Thay think its good for the grane feelds throo the winter, and if the sistern is dry the wimmin fokes likes to melt the sno for wash water, but its prinsippel yuse thay doant considder, and that's for ridin in a slayride to a singin skewl.

If you hevvent hired a teecher i wood be willin to lurn you the roodiments and gammit quite reezonabell.

I wood respeckfooly anounce that whair thay invight me oll nite frum a singin skewl thay needent cook enny moar buckwheat caiks unlest thay hev sumthing better than poark greece to poot onto them. Greece or shortenin of enny kind is bad for the vois, bekoz you kant sustain the toans well, for the reezon bekoz the shortenin is ap to act on the vois like it duz onto piecrust, whitch onto the piecrust it maiks it short, frum whitch it is eezy to observ that if you coodent sustain the toans bekoz the greece shortened them, it must be that you coodent hold them so long, on account of bekoz the shortenin maiks them shorter than if you cood hoald them longer.

P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

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The Rools of Playin onto a Organ into Meetin.

By P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

The rools whitch are hereby given in what follows are for the benephit of enny buddy whitch plays into meetin with the quire, whether its onto a big organ or a cabanet organ or a parler organ or a melodyan or a most enny thing.

These rools is as follows, viz: to wit, namely:

1. Git all the pay for playin you kan.

2. Part yure hair into the middle if yure a man.

3. If you aint a man dont part yure hair a tall, but git sumbudy to do it for you.

4. Carry a very small cane. It needent be so very small the long way of it, but the wide way of it, it must be verry narrow.

5. When you go into meetin hold up your hed, and doant look round ether way. It shows your mind is not wanderin from the subjeck.

6. After you git into meetin look all round to see hwo is thare. It shows you aint too proud to look at other peepel.

7. Tock out loud a little before meetin begins. If there is enny strangers thare they woont be so afrade.

8. If thares a good chance sware a little. It shows you aint a hippycrit.

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9. When the rest of the peepel gits into meetin play a vol & tary. The vol part doant amount to mutch, but the tary part shood be played as tary as possable, like as if you was goin to tare things all to pieces.

10. When the preecher comes in and neels down in the poolpit pool out all the stoppers. That's what the stoppers is for.

11. When a him is gave out to be sung, play over the whoal toon before singgin, but be shure to play it so as they cant tell wether its that toon or sum uther toon. It will amoose the peepel to guess.

12. When you play the interloods, sumtimes pool all the stoppers out, and sumtimes pool them all in. The stoppers is made to pool out and in.

13. Play the interloods about twicet as long as the toon. The interloods is the best part of the mewsick & shood be the longest.

14. Play from the interlood into the toon without lettin them kno when the toon begins. This will teech them to mind thair biznis.

15. Alwaze play the interlood faster or slower than the toon. This will keep it from bein the same time as the toon.

16. If the preecher givs out 5 verces play 4. Too menny verces is teejus.

17. Doorin the sermen go out of the church, & cum back in time for the next toon. This will show you doant mean to be hard on the preecher by havin too menny lissenen to him to wunst.

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Hellen Marier.

A Troo Story In the Modern Stile.

By P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

It was the vois of Hellen Marier's muther a callin of Hellen Marier. Her mother was a near relation and hed allwaze bean her muther ever since she hed enny muther.

& I wood hear remark for the benephit of enny 1 whitch woont hev time to reed the whoal story that she was a callin of Hellen Marier to dinner whitch Hellen Marier took her advise, as will all cum out a unexpeckted manner in the coarse of the story whitch enny 1 ken find out by reedin the rest of the story.

"Hellen Marier!"

The speaker was a callin of her dotter, a fair yung damsil with pegged shoos & about 2 sizes bigger than her sister Hanner, whitch afterwords becum my wife that is I mean not Hanner but her sister, for of coarse I coodent marry Hanner as I hed a wife of my oan hevin married her sister. I doant

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mean I married her at this time while her muthei was a callin of her to dinner but yeers afterwords. With these phew explainations, I now proseed to go on with my story.

"Hellen Marier ! ! !"

Enny 1 cood tell by the sound of her vois that she was a callin sum 1. They was no lingerin sadness into the toans of her vois like she was indulgin into the idle fancy of the sad vagerries of a long forgotten reckollection of sum fondly remembered dream in the pent up store house of memory's gilt edged treasures, but it was a reel helthy call like she expected she wood fetch her. The gentle breezes of spring was a pealin fourth their toonfull notes & all nater sighed in joyus harmony while the cat was lookin very wishfool at a bird onto the sour cherry tree a singin its matin song of joy in vesper toans of sweetness & the speckled hen was pensively scratchin away with grate diligents at the unnyon bed.

But hark ! what ! can it be ? yes ! surely it must be ! yes, it is ! the phorm of Hellen Marier whitch hoves into sight a holdin a little yaller cat in her arms.

Agane that vois is hurd "Hellen Marier ! cum to dinner !"

And now genteel reader we must take leave of our fair herowine. Suffize it to say that troo to the instincts of her better nater, she cum ! And why shoodent she ? & she lived menny yeers afterwords & may still be seen serrounded by a noomerous famaly consistin of her husbend & 1 sun.

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Velossypeads.

P. BENSON'S PROPOSED IMPROVEMENT.

I hev bin mutch exosted with the severe mentle labor of the mind a ritin & composin my sellebrated song of "*The Singin Skewl.*" You see I rit the verces, & they ar reel hansum verces whitch were composed by myself and made up out of my oan hed, and then you see i sot it to mewsick, and as soon as I git my pay at the Riley singin skewl so I ken hev a little munny ahed ile git it printed you know.

So I needed a little relaxzation and hev bin peroosin the noosepapers and the picters in the fashen boox.

I see they make considerable adieu about a noofangled consern for ridin on when you go a foot, whitch they call it a velossypead, and I hear elder Lemmon tell how they go offal fast.

But they hev 1 grate defishensy. Thay doant carry dubble and they never will be poplar till they doo, on ackount of

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bekoz the yung phoax woont go to singin skewl enny way that they cant take their gurl with them. and I wood here remark i cood taik 1 or 2 more Good singin skewls in a helthy naberhood.

The best vehickel after all is good slayin and a hoss and slay.

It must be dangersome to go so fast onto the velossypeads and if you wanted to speak to a friend when you was goin so fast, and him a goin the uther way, you woodent meet him till after youd past him sum ways.

Still we ken git used to enny thing.

I think I can invent sum pattent impruvements onto the velossypead when I git sum leshure time frum teechin singin skewl.

After I git up An atachment for carryin dubble so me and Hellen Marier ken go to singin skewl kind a soshable like, youll see velossypeads standin round a skewl hous where its a singin skewl as thik as smoll boys round a shooger hogshed.

The next pattent will be one with a grindstun atachment so that the sizzer grinders can sharpen razers and sizzers a goin frum 1 place to anuther without waist of time.

Albert Shirman thinks he ken git up a velossypead that will hatch eggs and saw wood but i doant hardly beleave he ken make it work good.

P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

P. S. The way it cum to be called velossypeads was bekoz it cood go as fast as a caf and a hoss poot together so they called it veal-hoss-ypead and velossypead for short.

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Mi Noo Song.

Mi noo song entighteled the "Singin Skewl" is printed. I got my pay frum the Rily Singin Skewl all rite, and it was enuff to pay for printin the song. I cood of hed munny enuff before by takin the munny we got for sellin tirkeys, but Hellen Marier she raysed the tirkeys, and she thot she dot to hev the munny.

The prise of the song is thurty-five (35 cts.) cents.

I maid up the verces, whitch they are reel hansum verces. I maid up the verces out of mi oan hed. You ken git the song enny time from Mr. Rutenkady whitch they was more than wun (1) printed, but they ar oll jist alike. If you cant berry it you ken by it. The prise is thurty five (35 cts.) cents.

The wurds is oarrijjinil and so is the toon, oanly I diddent maik oll of the toon miself.

It sounds a good eel better in print than it did when it was in,—that is than it did befoar thay was enny sitch a song printed. It is entighteled the "Singin Skewl," and ken be bot of Rutenkady, whitch thay will send it by male post pade on reseet of the prise, whitch the prise it is thurty five (35 cts.) cents. Or thay wood send a smoll boy with it to your hous. If you bot 2 thay wood send a larger boy.

You ken play it onto a pieanna and 4 voises or you ken sing it onto your oan vois. If the tenner kant keep frum takin breth in the middel of a wurd into the coarus, he can

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take breth into it. The more butiphool it is sung the hansummer it will sound.

I think it will eleveight the taist of evry buddy whitch sings this song, for it is of a hi morral karackter. The picter on it of me, whitch I am the othther of it, and I maid the toon and rit the verces and maid them up out of mi oan hed, is wurth moar than the prise of the song, whitch the prise is thurty five (35 cts.) cents.

Lan Blackman sez the 4th verce izzent troo, but that's oanly 1 of his mistaiks, and shoze that he haint no poatry into his sole.

The 4th verce reads like this, and is as follows, viz., namely:

"O sweet the breth of dooey morn
A blowin sadly throo the korn,
While golden rays of mistic lite
Is herd upon the dawn of nite."

You see it goes in a pensiv strain, and he sez you kant "herd" "rays of lite," but enny buddy ken see that that's a poettic liesense, and a poet ken hear lite as well as see it.

He also sez that the dawn of nite doant cum in the mornin, and that nite doant hev enny dawn. But them is also poettic liesense.

Hellen Marier thinks its a butiphool verce and cheep at thurty five (35 cts.) cents.

You cood send the thurty five (35 cts.) cents into a letter, and you wood git the song oll rite, wurds, mewsick and oll. The coarus shood be sang with deep pheelin.

P. Benson, Sr.,
whitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

P. S. If you want the song you ken git it enny time frum Rutenkady by sendin thurty five (35 cts.) cents, and if you doant like it you ken return the munny.

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The Singin Skewl.

By P. Benson, Sr.,
wnitch the Sr. it stans for singger.

O, childhood's joys is very grate,
A swingin on his muther's gate,
A eatin candy till his mouth
Is all stuck up from north to south,
& uther things he likes kwite well,
That I haint time jist here to tell,
But if he izzent kwite a phool,
He'd rether go to singin skewl.

Cearus: O, the singin skewl's butiphool.
O, the singin skewl's butiphool,
If you'll have me for your teecher
I shall be a happy creecher,
For I dote upon the singin skewl.

& it's considered very nice,
To skate upon the friz up ice,
Unlest you chance to fall kerwhack,
& thereby cause your hed to crack.
& hwen you go from home to dine,
A roasted Tirkey's very fine,
But still i think it's more joyfull,
To go - o - o to singin skewl.
Cearus: O, the singin skewl's, &c.

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Sum thinks that nuthing's ½ so good
As oisters roasted, fried or stood,
& uthers thinks the pleasure's more,
A slidin on a seller dore.
So sum thinks this, & sum thinks that,
But all agree there's greater sat-
Isfaction to be always hed,
At singin skewl, as I hev sed.
Coarus: O, the singin skewl's, &c.

O, sweet the breth of dooey morn,
A blowin sadly thru the korn,
While golden rays of mistic lite,
Is herd upon the dawn of nite.
But sooperfine, extattick bliss,
You'll always find, & never miss,
If you will only mind this rool,
& always go to singin skewl.
Coarus: O, the singin skewl's, &c.

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